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*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



**H.R.H.  
PRINCE CHARLES**





# Beauty demands "Young" Skin!

*Natural oil of the Avocado pear  
provides age-defying skin care.*

Suitable for all types of skin, dual-purpose Coty  
"Avocado" Beauty Milk contains the oil of the Avocado pear  
—rich in vitamin content, soothing, penetrating, with  
important rejuvenating, protective and curative properties.

## *Skin care is vital*

A smooth, clear skin is the absolute foundation of charm. If you are fortunate in having such a marvellous asset, you must be sure to keep it; if your skin is not all that it should be, you *can* do something about it, simply and inexpensively. Your skin is quite a complicated thing, really—made up of seven layers, all intricately connected by nerves and lubricating glands. Nature intended these glands to keep the skin nourished . . . supple, "young" . . . but, as the years pass, these glands become slower in action. After her early teens, almost every woman needs to care for her skin for beauty's sake.

## *Proper cleansing, nourishing, the secret*

Despite the woman you may have met who praises the virtues of soap and water ("My dear, just a good scrub . . . plenty of soap and water . . .") it is a fact that the simple act of washing the face does not completely cleanse the skin. The top surface, yes . . . but there's much more to it than that. The "good scrub," in fact, may not completely remove surface make-up, let alone the minute particles of cream, powder and rouge deep down in the pores. A *deep-pore* cleanser is necessary for this—and Coty "Avocado" Beauty Milk, besides being amazingly beneficial in its nourishing properties, is also a *deep-pore* cleanser.

## *"Avocado" dual-purpose action*

There are many reputable cleansers available; many, many nourishing liquids and creams. Most of them will do the job for which they are intended—but "Avocado" Beauty Milk does *both* jobs very well indeed. It will cleanse your skin as it should be cleansed and nourish it as well. It is the *only* skin preparation containing the real Avocado oil, one of the most penetrating oils known. Besides being rich in Vitamins A, D and E, it has important rejuvenating, protective and curative properties . . . marvellously soothing, too, as you will discover. An important fact is that it is a vegetable oil cream and, therefore, therapeutically more desirable than a mineral oil cream.

## *Smooth, clear, "young" skin can be yours*

Start using "Avocado" Beauty Milk *now*. Make up your mind that your skin will always be properly cleansed, *deep-down* . . . well-nourished, supple, "young." Coty "Avocado" Beauty Milk will cost you 11/4—an amazing price for the dual-purpose preparation you will come to regard as your most necessary beauty care.

11/4

No soap, caustic or  
other astringents

Coty "Avocado" Beauty Milk does not contain any ingredient of an astringent nature, so that *never* does your skin feel uncomfortably tight and mask-like after you have used it.

No hormones, no "magic"

Coty "Avocado" Beauty Milk is not a hormone preparation and no claims of "magic" are made of it. It will help to prevent the development of wrinkles, keep the skin smooth and supple.

The time to prevent the  
first fine line that  
betrays the years is now

Cleanse your skin properly, nourish it well . . . and the passing years will be kind. But start *now*, and let Coty "Avocado" Beauty Milk help you.

COTY  
*Avocado*  
BEAUTY MILK



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# Out on a Limb

A short story by

**ELIZABETH I. WYE**

ILLUSTRATED BY WEDSTROM

As I alighted from the bus I heard a familiar drumming of masculine feet behind me. I quickened my steps, but Rick Prentice caught up with me. "How's Miss Sonia Knox, beauty editor of 'Heart Throb Love,' this evening?" he inquired with false politeness.

"Rather crowded at present," I cast a glance at his deceptively pleasant face.

With his usual acumen he asked, "Trying to find me?"

"I want to get home," I answered crossly. "I'm tired."

But Rick was not co-operative. "All you need is a bonnet and a tambourine," he said, maliciously referring to an unfortunate incident of the previous night.

All I had done was to rearrange the furniture in Rick's flat so that he and his roommate would have a conversational unit instead of abutting across the void. But my efforts had not been appreciated by the person I had hoped to impress. "You can always move the furniture back," I said haughtily. "It doesn't take root, you know."

"Which is exactly what we're going to do," said Rick. "But you butt in so, Sonia. Arthur was annoyed."

This was twisting the knife. He knew that I had been rather intrigued with Arthur. "At least I'm constructive," I flared. "I don't stand by smugly and criticize."

Rick wrinkled his blunt nose. "I'm just trying to put you wise, give you the man's point of view."

I dived into the doorway of my building and turned to deliver a parting shot. The trouble was I couldn't think of one. Even those whose opinion I value have hinted that I am officious where certain men are concerned. It all began when I taught my first boy-friend to dance at the age of sixteen and he took another girl to the party. I had often promised myself that I would reform, and, right there and then, I took a headlock on this resolution.

But I had no intention of revealing my change of heart to Rick. "Arthur's nothing to me," I declared. "I have a new valentine."

"Not me, I hope," growled Rick, cocking his sandy eyebrow.

"You have nothing to worry about. I've found a real man at last." I considered that good enough to exit on, but the faint dimming of Rick's puckish smile led me to pause. After all, he was practically a big brother, although if all brothers are like Rick I'm glad I have none.

"His name is Doug Martin," I added. "And he lives across the hall from me on the eighth floor."

"You've never mentioned him," grunted Rick.

"One look at that Grecian profile in the lift and I dissolved like an aspirin tablet."

"So you don't even know him!" A smirk was dawning on his face, but this time I had Rick where I wanted him.

True, the first few months after Doug moved in we had merely eyed each other in the lift, as Rick no doubt suspected. But the notoriously slow service, which gave us five minutes together in the hall every morning, and the poor ventilation of our apartments, which made it imperative to keep our doors open in the evenings, furnished mutual interests.

Rick might have been surprised to learn that with Doug I wasn't the least bit officious. I shut my eyes to his furniture arrangement. I didn't even offer to teach him gin rummy.

This time it was really love, but I was not going to lower my hook until I had found the proper bait to put on it. Unfortunately, Doug had given me no clue.

"To-morrow is Doug's birthday," I confided to Rick. "And he is coming over to dinner in my flat." Perhaps the domestic touch was Doug's weakness.

"Don't try to supervise his diet," warned Rick. He jammed his fists into the pockets of his sports jacket and an unreadable glint appeared in his grey eyes. "Sometime, Sonia, you're going to bite off more than you can chew." He strode off before I could concoct a suitable rejoinder.

I should have been content to wait until the next day before seeing Doug, but even thinking of those dark eyes gives me a severe case of water in the knees. So after I had taken a shower, munched a peanut butter sandwich, and attired myself in my last crisp housecoat, I wended my way across the hall, ostensibly for ice cubes.

Doug gave me a cordial greeting, and innocently attacked the ice-trays with a screw-driver. I chewed my tongue to a pulp, but

I did not offer to defrost his refrigerator. When it finally occurred to him that we might use some of the ice cubes in a drink, I graciously assented.

Drawing our chairs cosily together, we had settled down for a long chat when Doug's door-bell rang. He opened the door, and in sauntered a female of the more lush type escorted by a massive dog of an extinct species. At least, I had never seen one like it before. The dog proceeded to appropriate all the room that the girl didn't, and I suddenly found the cosiness becoming stuffy.

"Why, hello, Mercedes," Doug was saying jovially. To my surprise, he actually seemed pleased to see her.

She was one of those tawny creatures with golden skin and golden hair and a predatory gleam in her amber eyes. All she needed was a tiger skin. I disliked her on sight. She disliked me. We acknowledged Doug's introductions coolly.

"I was just walking Angel Face," she explained, "and seeing your lights on I thought I'd drop in."

This was so transparent I was amazed when

Frantically we tried to entice Tagoo back from the ledge, while below the watching crowd steadily increased.

Doug fell for it. "Glad you did. Glad you did." He disappeared into the kitchen for another glass, leaving Mercedes and me to smile vaguely at each other. Angel Face rested his bulk against my knees, and Mercedes made no effort to move him.

"Do you live in the building, Miss Knox?" she asked. I said I did.

Mercedes expressed sympathy for people who had to live in old-fashioned blocks of flats. Humming tunelessly, she started to move around the room, picking up objets d'art and examining them. "Where did you get this sweet ashtray?" she called to Doug.

He appeared briefly in the doorway. "It was a gift."

"From whom?" persisted Mercedes.

"Let me see," she shouted from the kitchen. "Oh, yes, Dottie Pembroke. She brought it back from Mexico a couple of years ago."

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Stop colds and flu this winter—keep Anacin handy. Here is an anti-pain remedy which is completely different from all others. Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription because it contains not one, two or three ingredients—but is a scientific combination of FOUR medically proven ingredients.

That alone is a very good reason for buying Anacin, but when you realize that the FOURTH ingredient is Quinine—which reduces fever—then you can see why no other anti-pain remedy can give you both the protection and relief you get from Anacin.

MERCEDES was still prowling around. "And where did you get this tricky figurine?" she called.

Doug strolled in with her drink. His brow creased thoughtfully. "I think Louella Carr gave that to me." I began to feel as if I were in the Museum of Lost Causes.

Mercedes stopped into a chair and removed her gloves languidly. "It's your birthday tomorrow, isn't it, Dougie?"

Doug beamed from ear to ear. "Fancy you remembering!"

It was all too clear what Mercedes had in mind. I thought it very crude, and began talking loudly to Angel Face to create a diversion. This jolted the woolly mammoth from his lethargy, and he lumbered over to place his jaw on Doug's knee.

"He likes you," cooed Mercedes. "I might have known you had a knack with dogs. See his adoring expression? You really ought to have a dog of your own."

"I like animals," said Doug. "Nice fellow. Good old fellow. But I think it's cruel to keep a big dog like this in a flat."

"So do I," came my fervent agreement. Mercedes glared.

"I like cats, too," Doug added.

"Brrr." Mercedes shivered. "I can't stand cats."

"Professional jealousy?" I murmured sotto voce.

Doug's face betrayed disappointment. "Not even Persian cats?"

"Cats are treacherous," stated Mercedes. "And selfish. But a dog is loyal. Dog is man's best friend."

"Every Tom, Dick, and Harry likes dogs," I said pleasantly. "But it takes the unusual person to appreciate cats. Cats are subtle and sophisticated. Especially Persians..."

I knew nothing about it, but I was rewarded by Doug's patented brand of warm smile. "I've always thought I'd like to own a Persian," he confessed.

There was the missing clue, the key to Doug's personality! Instantly my mind was made up. I hadn't intended to give Doug a present for his birthday, but in view of the competition I couldn't afford to stand on ceremony. A cat was the answer. The more I thought about it the more advantages appeared for this selection.

Ashtrays and figurines become anonymous in time, but a cat would be a living reminder of its donor. Also, the donor could assist with certain duties attendant on its installation. Best of all, it would be a serious breach of etiquette for a dog to come calling at an establishment which housed a cat.

I experienced a pang of sympathy for Mercedes as I rose. She was trying to develop a counter-offensive, but she couldn't recapture the ground she had lost. I garnered the remaining ice cubes, said good night, and repaired to my apartment to think furiously while making potato salad for the morrow.

When I descended from the bus the next night Rick was again sauntering down the street from the nearby publishing house where he puts in the conventional number of hours.

"May I help you with your bundles?" he asked, accepting the milk of magnesia, the lime water, the cod-liver oil, the cat-

## Out On A Limb

Continued from page 3

nip ball, and the brush and comb set I dumped on him. Civilised cats, contrary to my expectations, seemed to need more than a stray mouse or two to make their existence bearable.

The cat itself mewed plaintively from the cardboard box in which holes had been punched for air-conditioning. I tried to tuck the box unobtrusively under the far arm, but Rick has gimlet eyes. "What have you got there?" he asked.

An inquisitive dog chose that moment to come by sniff-

### Hope for T.B. cases

WITH the inauguration of the Commonwealth Tuberculosis Campaign, T.B. should be almost wiped out within 20 years.

The chief ally of this disease (which kills 2000 Australians every year) has been the economic situation of its victims. Sufferers in the past have concealed their condition in order to hang on to their jobs to the last—because they could not afford to lose their wages.

The Commonwealth scheme, with funds to modernise sanatoriums, also gives the T.B. sufferer the most generous pension in the world.

The story of the Commonwealth T.B. campaign and the State That Wouldn't Fight appears in the June issue of A.M.

ting. He yelped joyfully and a threatening feline growl made the box quiver. "Only a cat," I told Rick as I started to run.

Rick registered awe as he ran along beside me. "What will you think of next? Has your new love anything to do with this?"

"What if he has? He wants a Persian cat and he's going to get one."

I attempted to dismiss Rick at the door, but he would have none of it. "I'm coming up to see this cat," he announced.

On the floor of the living-room we opened the box and drew out the poor trembling creature. She turned her soulful eyes on us, wrinkled her pretty face in a delicate hiss, and scuttled under the sofa. "She's frightened," said Rick softly.

I stood by, feeling sud-

denly weary from my exertions. "There's lots more to do." I extracted the directions from my handbag.

"I have to go out and buy her some lean beef, and let me see, 'Avoid chicken and fish bones.' Oh, here it is. 'For dinner, raw beef, or cooked mutton, chicken, lamb, cod-fish, or rabbit. With some non-starchy vegetable, such as cooked asparagus, string beans, carrots. Also a tablespoonful of tomato juice daily.'"

"Let me see." Rick looked over my shoulder. "Have you got a log of wood with the bark left on for your cat to sharpen her claws?"

"Go chop down a tree," I said with some bitterness.

Rick mumbled on. "Grass or oats sown in a pot of earth. Or celery tops..." And, by the way, Sonia, have you thought to provide a pan of sand?"

I jammed on my hat. "Don't scoff, Mr. Prentice. I'll attend to the whole business."

I departed and went directly to a florist, where I acquired a pot of grass grown for a blue Persian who was unexpectedly on loan in the country. I felt better. When I returned with my purchases, however, I was annoyed to find Rick still there, the cat draped round his neck and daintily nibbling his ear.

"Don't get too attached to her. She's not yours."

Rick ignored me. "She's made a reconnaissance flight from chair-top to mantle to bookcase," he went on enthusiastically. "She helped me open all the packages. Then she had a slight difference of opinion with a piece of tissue paper..."

"Grrr," said the cat remissively. She plopped to the floor, back arched, and pale grey hair fluffed out. Waving her long tail, she danced towards us sideways, her paws curved inward. "Moorowra," she said throatily, giving me a wild look. "Moorowrarow!"

"She doesn't mean it," insisted Rick. He darted forward. The cat abruptly flopped and stretched out, tummy uppermost. "She even scared herself," Rick interpreted.

"Goodness," I said. "Time is wasting. I have a dinner guest to-night in case you've forgotten."

Rick was thoroughly indifferent to my problem. "I've thought of a name for her. Tagoo. Has a nice foreign flavor, don't you think?"

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FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





# The Patient at PEACOCKS HALL

Conclusion of this fine serial  
By MARGERY ALLINGHAM

WE finally made the decision, John and I, with Francis Forde lying senseless between us, and the whole picture was very clear to me. Once we were committed, there was a lot to be done, and I found that it was a return to our childhood.

Once again John, with his careful hands and cautious eyes, was the leading spirit and I his faithful assistant. Nurse Tooley found it extraordinary. She kept looking at us, her plump face curious but impressed.

Once when she and I happened to meet at the washbasin, she ventured to remark on it.

"A grand man. A grand man," she whispered. "You'll have known him before, no doubt?"

"All my life," I murmured back, and let her make what she would of it.

At the last moment there was a hitch. The kettle of freshly boiling water went over to the hearth, and the nurse, in a flurry, hurried downstairs for another. John and I were left waiting.

It was a trying moment and neither of us spoke. The room seemed to have grown larger and more bare, and I could hear the tick of my watch where it lay on the mantelshelf.

Nurse Tooley was gone a long time, and presently I began to walk up and down the rug, aware that my hands were growing wet and that my eyelids were sticky. John did not move. He was quite steady.

He was looking absently at the expanse of chintz curtain over the windows, his eyes introspective and the muscles of his jaw relaxed and easy. He was worried, but not keyed up in any way. I was ashamed of myself.

The nurse returned with a rustle, a steaming kettle in her hand.

"This is a madhouse," she whispered. "The servants have gone to their beds and there's no one in the kitchen but a perfect stranger talking to that danted old cat of a Miss Luffkin, of all people."

I nearly dropped the glass tray I was holding, and John, noticing the involuntary movement, drew back the needle in his hand.

"We'll see to all that later . . . Steady, Ann, please." The quiet voice jerked me back to sanity, and for the next three minutes nobody spoke at all. In complete silence we tried the last resort, so bold, so dangerous.

I saw the soft flesh of Francis's upper arm pinched between John's fingers. The blue shaft slid deftly under her pale, damp skin. Firmly the plunger went home.

John dabbed the puncture with the spirit-wetted wool, laid her limp arm gently at her side, and drew the coverlet up to her chin. Then he went to the shelf and glanced at the watch.

"Twenty-five minutes to twelve," he said, looking at me. "Nothing to do now but wait . . . and pray."

I turned down the light by the bed and John went off to the bathroom to wash. The nurse was standing beside me and I leaned towards her.

"Did you say Miss Luffkin was downstairs?"

"Did you ever!" Her eyes were round with indignation. "Standing there with a milk pudding, every hair of her twiddled into a question mark. The whole town will hear everything, you know. What she saw and what she didn't. What she thought and what she didn't have time to think."

She snorted indignantly. "I said to her, 'You be off to your bed or that bronchitis of yours will get you and the doctor and I will be too busy to see to you.' She soon went. I put the pudding on the side and shut the door after her."

"And the man?"

"Oh, him? I don't know what he was doing there at all. He wasn't answering her questions. I do remember that. Just stood holding his pipe politely, as far as I remember. I was busy, you see, getting the kettle to boil."

"Did he ask you anything?"

It was evident that she had not taken him very seriously. She was so used to running into unexplained people in the houses where she went to nurse.

"I don't think so," she said at last. "I remember him saying 'I expect you're busy' or something idiotic like that. He was only waiting, that's all."

"Yes." My word was hardly as light as a breath. She was right, of course. He was only waiting, whoever he was, and I made myself look at the still figure in the bed.

"That woman you were talking about just now." John had come back without my hearing him. "Is that the alarming old duck who rushes out with a flashlight and stops cars?"

"That'll be her, sir." Nurse Tooley spoke with conviction. "She's lonely. That's the best you can say for her. Did she have the check to stop yourself?"

"She did, but I couldn't help her, I fear, and she retired discomfited."

"So much the better." The nurse radiated satisfaction. "She's in the dark, that's what's got under her skin. She's often said to me,

"I'm not inquisitive, nurse, but I've got to know."

A faint, wry smile touched John's mouth as he met my eyes.

"The vultures gather," he said softly. "Nurse, if there's another room available, I should like you to lie down for an hour or two. Doctor Fowler and I will watch the patient, but we ought not to need you until about four a.m."

She dared not object. John had made a tremendous impression on her, and her instinct was unquestioning obedience. But I could see she didn't like it.

"I'll go down and see what room she can have," I said quickly, and went out before anyone could demur.

While I was crossing the landing, the grandfather clock struck midnight, and I thought how melodramatic it sounded. It had a very deep chime with an asthmatic wheeze or death rattle after each stroke.

The lights were bright downstairs, but the lobby struck chill as I reached it. I crept out to the kitchen.

I don't know what I intended to say to the man with the umbrella, if I was anticipating some sort of showdown or if I just wanted to be sure I had not gone out of my mind and it was really he, but when I pushed open the kitchen door there was no sign of him.

Yet the lights were on and it was very warm and bright in there under the heavy

beams. The stove was open and a chair by the table had been pushed back as if someone had just risen, but the room was empty.

The back door was closed, but not locked, and I went on out into a maze of dark pantries and washhouses not wired for electricity.

In the middle of an outside passage I fell over a suitcase. It was perfectly ordinary, leather and shabby and fastened with heavy straps. It was just standing there, right in the way.

I did not shift it, since it was hardly my affair, and I went back to the kitchen. There a shock awaited me. The chair had been moved. I had left it where I had found it, some feet out in the room, but now it was back in its place, its seat neatly under the table.

Also, hanging in the warm air, clear and unmistakable, was a blue wisp of tobacco smoke. Yet I had not been more than a few feet out of the kitchen and I had been listening, straining my ears, but I had not heard a sound.

I hurried into the hall, and there everything was the same, bare and bright and cold.

Gastineau's voice startled me when I knocked at the living-room door, even though I expected it. He was not in his usual place by the fire, and I glanced round the room nervously.

Please turn to page 36



Stepping out on to the landing, I froze. Seated near the top of the stairs was the man with the umbrella.

Illustrated by Laskie





## Where does all the news come from?

How can a newspaper editor be sure there will always be enough to fill his paper? Here's what one editor answered to this question: "If you throw any given number of people together, something interesting is *bound* to happen".

How right he was. You can imagine, then, the interesting things that happen when 10,000 people come together, as they do at General Motors-Holden's. And indirectly you can multiply that figure several times over; for there are the distributors and dealers who carry General Motors' service into

every corner of the Commonwealth, there are the people who make the steel, the people who make the tyres, the people who make the paint, the people who make any of the components that end up in a General Motors' car or truck or Frigidaire.

If you add it up, there's a lot behind any GM-H product — a lot of people, a lot of interesting things, a lot of research — all helping to make more and better things for more people.



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# The Deception

A missing file and a beautiful redhead kept Colin guessing

COLIN read the message on his desk twice without really getting its import; he was still in a pleasant after-lunch haze. Life was altogether pretty good. The Ministry had recently promoted him, and that had meant a move to this cheerful room in a block of modern offices. It had also meant a rise in his salary, and most of all, it had meant the girl in the lift.

He hadn't yet managed to strike up an acquaintance with her, but three times he had had the privilege of watching her run into the building after lunch, and then had ridden up in the same lift with her. She had got out at the fourth floor each time, so it was only a question of time before he could find out what office on that floor was hers.

Phone Hyde 0367, the message directed tersely, between 2.15 and 2.30. Possibly the terseness emanated not so much from the caller as from Vivian, his young assistant.

Vivian had a boy-friend called Harold at the Ministry, and she had been accustomed to seeing him regularly in the old building. She thought very poorly of this move and was continually complaining about the central heating being stuffy, and kept opening the windows, so that papers blew off the tables.

No good waiting for Vivian to give the details; she was probably over at the Ministry "looking for a file," and if Harold was helping her she wouldn't be back for ages.

Hyde 0367 answered at the second ring. "Gagalamph and Bannerman," it proclaimed—at least, it sounded like that, owing to a bad connection.

"This," he said, "is Consolidated Controls. Somebody at that number wanted me to phone."

"Oh, yes," said a frosty female voice. "Well, have you managed to find the file yet? We have been trying to get this permit now for more than seven weeks. It's most urgent. We don't expect a Government department to understand how the whole process of construction can be held up for lack of—"

"What was it," interrupted Colin coldly, "that you applied for? I see. On what date? Thank you."

He made brief notes on his desk pad. "Applications," he stated, "are dealt with in strict rotation. I will have inquiries made into yours."

If she had sounded at all friendly or sympathetic he would have believed like a human being and confused that Vivian's filing system, disorganised by the move, was in one nightmare of a mess. But obviously understanding was not to be expected from a vinegary secretary grown grey in the service of her little tin god Bannerman—or was it Gagalamph?

Bliss, reflected Colin, I didn't get the firm's name.

Vivian, it appeared, had not got the firm's name either.

"Well, here's the date of the application and it's a para. six permit—you can trace it through your index," Vivian sighed loudly, but nothing turned up from her search.

Colin left five minutes early that evening. But the girl wasn't in the lift, and she didn't come down during ten minutes while Colin made conversation to the doorman. Perhaps her office finished at five. Which

would mean that she started early in the morning, too.

He got a bus twenty minutes before his usual time next morning, and stopped to chat to the doorman on the way in. But it wasn't until he was in the lift, wedged right at the back, that she arrived, breathless.

"Morning, Miss Stanton," the liftman said, grinning and opening the gates for her again.

So her name was Stanton, and she got in about nine—that was two definite steps ahead.

Hyde 0367, proclaimed his blotting-paper, phoned after you left. You are to phone them immediately you get in in the morning. V. Smith, 5.40 p.m. Martyrdom was in every line of Vivian's script. She had been kept ten minutes late.

"What did Hyde 0367 want?" he asked when Vivian arrived.

"I don't know," Vivian fluffed up her hair and turned to open the window at the bottom.

Colin pinioned two papers, which were about to become airborne, with his elbows and clamped a weight on a third.

"Did you get the firm's name?" he inquired.

"No, they didn't say."

"Look here," he said, "you'd better find that file."

Vivian knew when she had gone the limit. During the next hour and a half she really did try to find the file; she was flushed and dusty and had the grace to look guilty when she appeared to report that the file wasn't there.

"Well," Colin said, "I might as well phone them." He sighed and dialled.

The answer was a bark this time—a testy male bark of "Hallo? Yes, yes," it added. "Hyde 0367. What? Who? Oh, hold on. Miss Perkinson," it was heard saying, "have you been

phoning Consolidated Controls? Here then."

"Hallo," she said—fobbingly.

Colin said his little piece. The Ministry regretted that the papers could not be traced . . . perhaps the Post Office . . . in the meantime, as it was understood that the application was urgent, it was suggested that it should be repeated; it would then be given priority consideration.

"But," objected Miss Perkinson efficiently, "our letters of recommendation are attached to the application form."

"You mean," Colin said disapprovingly, "that you have no copy of the application which you submitted?"

Miss Perkinson got two tones frostier.

"It should scarcely be necessary," she began. "Hold on one minute."

The male voice was talking again in the background, questioning and impatient. Colin could hear Miss Perkinson in righteous response. ". . . say they can't trace the papers," she was saying. "I've been on to them three times in the past two days." More male growlings, and she came back on the line.

"Mr. Bannerman," she reported,

"will be seeing his M.P. at a committee this evening." And then she rang off.

"Well, of all the—the—the females!" muttered Colin, scarlet with indignation. Mentioning the matter to an M.P. would mean a Question in the House of Commons. More immediately, it would mean a file in a hideous puce cover with a shrieking pink Immediate label on the front.

It would become a file which would grow and grow as official searchlights were turned on Vivian's unfortunate filing system.

If it were proved eventually that the application had never reached the Ministry the puce file would still be a very bad thing; if the application had come in . . . Colin would be on his way back to the Ministry, demoted. No more bright, independent little office for him; no more chances

to meet the girl in the lift.

"What did they say?" inquired Vivian.

"Threatened a Parliamentary Question if the papers aren't found by to-night."

"Oh-oh!" breathed Vivian. Perhaps she had a conscience after all, she looked quite upset.

"Better get out all the applications we have," Colin directed. "I'll take half and you take the other; we'll go through the lot—unclip papers fastened together, and look in all the file pockets. If there's anything there we're bound to find it."

He cleared his table in readiness for the files. He stared gloomily at the drawing of Miss Perkinson which had flowered on his blotting-paper and added, thoughtfully, horns. In another corner was a sketch of a small heart-shaped face under a round hat, big eyes with a curl falling over one. . . .

Was it a dream when she walked in? Carrying a file, and looking nervous but determined.

"Oh!" she said. "You! I'd no idea. I came up—it seemed silly to phone when you are just a floor above us—"

"Of course!" Colin said. "Do sit down. I'm sorry everything is in such a confusion," he apologised. "But we've just come here, and we keep being interrupted by some frantic female—"

"Me," she said.

"No, no," he said. "Not you. A dictatorial harridan with a voice like a saw. A Miss Perkinson."

She held out the file. "Mr. Bannerman," she said, "keeps on calling me that. It was his last secretary's name—she left a month ago." She was stammering and her cheeks were quite pink. She looked almost as if she might be going to cry.

"I'm sorry I sounded so awful," she said. "But actually I was bluffing—I was scared stiff! Mr. Bannerman has such a temper, and I'm not efficient like Miss Perkinson was. Things get in a muddle. I've been worried about this application. I suppose I shouldn't have sent you the original letters . . . and you sounded so—so Civil Service!"

Then quite suddenly she was crying. Colin turned away for a moment to give her time to recover. "I say," he said, over his shoulder, "don't worry! We'll find the thing somehow—we'll turn the place upside down. It isn't your fault at all, it's our filing system."

"I don't know," she sighed. "I'm quite capable of having sent it out in the wrong envelope. And Mr. Bannerman flies off the handle so—that's why I tried to get you on the phone at times when he would be out, so that he wouldn't ask questions about it."

The red curls were even more entrancing without a hat; how could he ever have thought her voice unsympathetic?

"The telephone," grinned Colin, "is a very deceiving instrument."

"Yes, isn't it?" she said.

They began to laugh, companionably. Even Vivian didn't interrupt—she was telephoning at the other end of the table, with her back to them. Was Vivian for once being tactful?

Miss Stanton's first name was Marilyn, and wasn't doing anything in particular on Saturday afternoon. So that would be marvellous . . .

. . . If Colin didn't have to stay at the office to deal with that puce file.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I wish I

"Don't worry!" Colin said over his shoulder. "We'll find it somehow."

had made a copy of it. It's all my fault."

"No, no, it's ours. We ought to be able to trace it right away."

"But what are we going to do?"

Vivian had put down the phone. She was trying to catch Colin's eye so markedly that it penetrated even the rosy haze at his end of the table. "Yes, Vivian—what is it?" he asked.

"It's—it's about that application," Vivian said. "I just remembered this afternoon that one day last week when you were at lunch I opened the window and some papers that were on your desk blew right out. I thought at the time they were just scrap, but maybe—"

Vivian was getting pink under the two pairs of horrified eyes fastened on her. "But I heard a rumor, over at the Ministry at lunch-time. I've been phoning Harold about it."

"What on earth—" began Colin.

"There's a secret file," Vivian said. "Harold nipped in and checked up on it just now."

She looked from Colin to Marilyn. She beamed on them both like a youthful fairy godmother.

"You don't have to worry any more about that application," she told them, "because to-morrow the minister is going to make a statement in the House. Everything under para. six is to be decontrolled and from to-morrow permits," Vivian said, "are off!"

(Copyright)





# Cinderella

## FROM CEDAR RAPIDS

**I**N thirty minutes the plane would be landing in New York. Emily Anderson looked miserably out of the window. She was a pretty woman of about thirty.

Hoping her misery did not show in her eyes, Mrs. Anderson looked at her husband. He was sitting across the aisle with the vice-president from the Cedar Rapids bank, Mr. Freyling. As usual, her husband, Tom, was doing the listening and smiling.

Other people always did the talking with Tom, and not because Tom had less to say. He had a talent for making people feel relaxed and comfortable just by looking at them. He had the same talent with the cows, pigs, and horses on their farm in Iowa.

After three years of marriage, Mrs. Anderson still loved him—at the moment, nervously and miserably. He was tall and homely and had squinty eyes that twinkled. You couldn't, thought Mrs. Anderson, find a stronger, gentler, more understanding male than Tom Anderson.

But, still, she was frightened. She watched his good-humored smile as he listened to the idiotic banker. That was Tom's remarkable social trick—everybody felt he was either a poet or a philosopher when he talked to Tom. She knew from the look on Freyling's usually stolid face that he was telling Tom about his boyhood days on the Mississippi and how he used to build rafts and go floating on them.

Tom turned around and looked at her. It was always the same look, as if he were surprised to see anybody as beautiful and charming as Emily belonging to him. And he was surprised, Mrs. Anderson thought.

After three years of marriage he was still tender-spoken and beaming, as if she were a great prize he had won. He was always winning prizes for the best steers and sows and horses. Their living-room at the farm was full of them. She, of course, was the main trophy.

Mrs. Anderson considered this a mean, small thought and discarded it. Having returned her husband's squinty smile with her usual radiant expression, she wished that their plane, now twenty minutes away from the horrible city of New York, would solve her problem—not by crashing and killing all its passengers, but by some minor misadventure that might result in a broken leg or a mild concussion.

She thought how pleasantly and neatly her dilemma would disappear if she were tucked away in a hospital during their scheduled five-day stay in New York. The thought of her

problem, now looming larger every minute, made Mrs. Anderson's heart race and her face flush. It was the only sort of problem imaginable that you couldn't bring to Tom Anderson and have him grin it out of existence. It was like robbing him of all his trophies.

Eight years ago, at the age of twenty-two, Mrs. Anderson, as Emily Hobbs, had come to New York from Cedar Rapids.

She had lived in New York for four years and tried to become an actress, a career for which her parents, grandparents, minor relatives, and several university professors had considered her perfectly equipped. She had beauty, ambition, and talent. She was gentle, witty, and of sturdy lineage.

In New York she worked as a clerk in a Fifth Avenue store, as a part-time model in the garment industry, and as a student in the evening acting class run by an ex-leading lady in a black wig.

During the four years, Emily Hobbs had never stopped making the theatrical rounds. She had even acquired an agent, a talkative but ineffectual young man named Bloom, who seemed to have his office in a drugstore.

The theatre has a way of scorning Cinderellas. Nobody had wanted Emily Hobbs as an actress, and she had spent her long time in New York as on the steps of a building she had never entered. She had known only defeat and loneliness, made no friends, shied at love affairs, and kept herself neat.

But, sitting in her bedroom at night, exiled from the glamor and success of which she had dreamed, Emily Hobbs had invented quite another character for the benefit of Cedar Rapids. She had created this character casually, little lie by little lie, in the scores of letters to her parents, grandparents, minor relatives, and Tom Anderson.

It was easy to write that you had actually met the celebrities you read about in the columns, easy to describe the playwrights and producers who said, "I don't think you're quite right for the part, Miss Hobbs," as admiring social intimates.

Less casual and more difficult lies had followed. You couldn't know so many successful people in the theatre, have dinner and dance and exchange epigrams with them, without achieving some success of your own. Emily Hobbs, exhausted by her day's clerking or modelling and her futile visits to the Broadway bastions, achieved her success in her lonely room, on paper.

She wrote of "tryouts" and "stock engagements" and "movie offers,"

but with modesty. Everyone was nice to her—producers, playwrights, and even the stars. But people being nice to you, even if they were geniuses and celebrities, wasn't a career. She was beginning to feel she was not really an actress and that perhaps her small talents belonged more in Cedar Rapids than New York. So ran her letters in the third year.

After four years of it, Emily Hobbs had gone back home. Tom Anderson had begun to court her the first week she was there. She loved him suddenly and deeply. They were married within two months.

She found being Mrs. Tom Anderson a wonderful thing. After the four years of a lonely, friendless New York, the Anderson farm a hundred miles from Cedar Rapids seemed the most exhilarating place on earth.

There had been only a small cloud in her marriage. It was Tom's proud notion that she had given up a life of glamor for him, and she was afraid she might find him dull after all the great wits and geniuses she had known in New York.

Emily Anderson considered the Emily Hobbs of New York an aberrated and outgrown phase of her life. She would have loved to tell Tom the truth about it and hear him laugh at the lonely little liar in the rooming-house bedroom as she laughed at her now.

But two things made telling the truth too difficult. One was Tom's

**By BEN HECHT**

love. He had fallen in love with her as a glamorous New Yorker. The other was her own weakness. She was no longer a liar and her whole career as a liar seemed childish to her now. Yet she found herself enjoying its aftermath in Tom.

Why not, since it pleased him, continue to be the successful Emily Hobbs, ex-friend of genius and confidante of fame? So she continued the lie because Tom's nature and even his love demanded it. And because it was pleasant to be famous in the eyes of the man she loved.

At times, she thought: We're really not married. He doesn't really love me; he loves an impostor. And every year makes it worse. We can never be close with this lie going on. And if he should ever find out!

At other times, she thought: We're as happy as two people can possibly be. It's stupid to worry about my past, or, rather, my lack of past.

Tom loves me and not another version of me. It's neurotic to bother about having fooled him. That silly New York business isn't worth remembering.

Looking out of the plane window, Emily Anderson remembered it, however, as if it were a bomb lying in her lap.

The plane was starting down and Tom was sitting next to her again, strapped in, and holding her hand.

"I'm going to enjoy seeing New York through your eyes," he said softly. "It'll be fun taking a back seat, Emmy. And I'll try not to call you Emmy in front of your high-talking friends. It's Emily from now till we pull out. So don't worry about that. And don't worry about me sounding off like a hillbilly in front of your friends. I'll just keep my mouth shut and pretend I understand everything that's being said."

Tom paused and looked fondly at her. "What's the matter, Emmy?" he asked. "Did I say anything wrong?"

"No, Tom," she answered. "I've got a bad headache. That's why I frowned."

"I'll go away," Tom said softly.

In the cab, on the way to their hotel, Emily Anderson forgot for a half-hour to wince over her impending exposure as an impostor. Instead, an unhappiness came to her and then a growing despair, as if the rush of the city outside the cab were bewitching her.

The great wasteland of New York was around her again, the city of tall buildings and alien streets in which she had once lost her hope and almost lost her identity. During the

years she had lived in it, she had grown used to the hurt of failure. But now that hurt became alive in her, as if in this half-hour she were being robbed again of all her dreams.

Emily Hobbs had numbed herself during the futile years she had spent here. Her failure to become an actress or even to succeed as a human being had come to seem unimportant while she had lived in it. Now it became real, and not something past but something still happening. She saw the pale, staring girl writing home pathetic and desperate lies from her rooming-house bedroom as a creature too miserable to remember without tears.

She thought bitterly what a fool she had been to let Tom Anderson talk her into the trip. It was like returning to an operating room where they had once cut out your spirit. Looking at her horribly happy husband, Emily was glad of only one thing: it wouldn't be necessary for her to pretend that she had

a headache. A real pain filled her head as well as her heart.

In the hotel suite, where their bags were waiting for them, Emily said, "I'm sorry to spoil your first night in New York, but I really feel ragged. I've got to go to bed."

Tom paused as he was taking his evening clothes out of a suitcase. "I shouldn't have asked you to take a plane," he said.

"It wasn't the plane. I just feel awful. My head aches and I—I don't want to go out." She was almost weeping.

"We don't have to go out," Tom said softly. "If you're feeling sick, that's more important than seeing ten New Yorks."

"I'd like to have dinner in the room," Emily said.

"Of course," Tom said. "You'll feel better to-morrow. I'll hire a secretary for you to help you do your telephoning and arrange things so it won't be too big a strain."

The soft, slow-spoken words made Emily feel like a pathetic clown. A secretary! Telephoning! Arrange things!

Suddenly the lies she had told, the infantile make-believe of New York fame and social success descended on her in a nightmarish array.

"I'm going to have a bath and go to bed," Emily said. "I'll unpack to-morrow."

Miserably, she watched her husband open her bag and start to hang up the new evening gowns and suits she had bought for what Tom had called "triumphal return to civilization." She must have been mad! Buying all those things for a ghost! She pressed her hands to her forehead and hurried into the bathroom.

She lay in the tub, feeling numb. New York, that had once defeated her, would defeat her again. Her marriage would never survive the clownish exposure the city had to offer Tom. She wouldn't have to confess; he would find it all out by just looking at her—lonely, friendless, and dressed up. The best thing to do was to wait until he confronted her with the truth and to admit it—admit it and change, in his eyes, from a witty, glamorous woman into a foolish, pitiful creature.

"He's too nice to think of divorcing me," she sighed heavily, "but his love will disappear."

Four days later Tom Anderson looked at the clock over the elegant bar of the hotel. It was five-twenty, which gave him about forty minutes to contemplate his problems. He ordered a second straight whisky.

There could be a lot of reasons for Emmy's hardly sticking her nose out of the hotel for four days. One



of them could be that she was sick. She was pale and shaky enough to go by in any hospital. But there were all kinds of reasons for being sick, especially the kind of sickness you didn't want to ask a doctor to look at.

She's scared of something and she's ashamed of something, Tom thought, looking ruefully at his whisky, and I guess the answer must be me.

He considered the reasons why the woman he loved should be scared of him. He had never asked her any personal questions about her past in New York, about whether she had had any love affairs with any of the theatre people she used to go around with. He had taken it for granted that she hadn't.

It could be I was wrong, he thought; a woman who's had affairs would be scared of having her husband meet the people she knew while she was having them.

Having figured this out, Tom Anderson scowled and felt a bit disgusted with himself. Wishing a parcel of lovers on Emmy was as stupid as it was insulting.

It's something else, Tom thought. She's ashamed of her old friends meeting me because I'm a farmer. And she's ashamed of them meeting her, because she's a farmer's wife.

It was disillusioning that Emmy could feel that way. If she'd only discuss the thing instead of almost having hysterics every time he brought up the subject he might help her.

"Call for Mr. Patrick Costello," a bellboy announced politely as he walked through the spacious bar-room. The bellboy looked around and started towards a black-haired man with a mighty truculence in his black-eyed, sharp-featured face, standing near Tom Anderson.

"Telephone for you, Mr. Costello," the bellboy said.

"I heard," Mr. Costello said without turning his head, "and I am not interested."

The bellboy shrugged and went away.

Tom Anderson grinned at this truculent lone drinker. He remembered the name well. It had appeared in Emmy's letters from New York. Of course, there might be other Patrick Costellos. But the description he also remembered sort of fitted: "An Irish savage with a poet's heart."

Tom's grin seemed to pull Mr. Costello's attention slowly away from the rear bar shelf. He turned and saw a tall, squinty-eyed outdoor type and nodded coldly.

"Can I buy you a drink, Mr. Costello?" Tom Anderson asked.

"It can't be true!" Mr. Costello answered slowly and with a great

*Emily walked as proudly as she could towards the waiting group.*

sneer. "A fellow human being who speaks to me! Take note, bartender, and pour me a double Scotch."

"Rye for me," Tom said. "Single."

"I have recently been lynched,"

Mr. Costello said, moving closer to his host. "My literary remains are still dangling in the afternoon Press."

Mr. Costello closed his eyes and recited aloud. "Patrick Costello should be ashamed of himself not only for the vulgarity which marks his new play, 'How Red Were The Roses,' but for the exasperating monotony with which he assaulted his first-night audience. Please tell me if I'm boring you."

"No," Tom Anderson said.

"Strange," Mr. Costello muttered.

"It only proves that my natural element is not the theatre but a bar-room." He stared at his squinty-eyed listener and inquired moodily, "Have you ever had commerce with the dramatic critics of New York?"

"No," Tom said.

"Consider yourself blessed," Mr. Costello said. "All critics are the stepmothers of the arts. But in the theatre they wear spiked shoes and carry iron shillelaghs."

"I never liked critics," Tom Anderson said. "They're like flies on a cow's tail. Make a lot of noise but get nothing to do with the production of milk."

"May the gods love you," said Mr. Costello.

"Have another drink, Mr. Costello?" Tom said.

"Liquor is no help for the torments I feel," Mr. Costello said, "but I accept your offer." He peered at his host and added, "I don't happen to know you, do I?"

"No, but I think you know my wife," Tom said. "She used to be an actress—Emily Hobbs."

Mr. Costello searched the half fogs of this black Wednesday. "Emily Hobbs." Focusing on his host's expectant face, he nodded. "Emily Hobbs? Sure. Very nice girl." Then, out of largeness of heart missing in critics, the wounded playwright added a little vaguely, "She gave a fine performance."

"Thanks," Tom Anderson said.

"You an actor?" Mr. Costello asked.

"No. Just barely smart enough to raise cattle," Tom said. "In Iowa."

"May the gods love you," said Mr. Costello.

"It's Emily's first time back in New York in three years," Tom Anderson said. "But she's been under the weather and she hasn't been able to look up her old friends."

*Please turn to page 46*



If you feel  
Run-down.  
"Nervy"  
and  
Tired  
you may  
be suffering  
from



## "HIDDEN HUNGER"



Doctors and  
Nutrition  
Experts  
agree



that although we are blessed with an abundance of food, "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say also that you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day — and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger" and our body is still hungry for certain essential food elements. This means that while we may not feel actually ill, we are never really well — and seldom look our best.



### Your Children — and "HIDDEN HUNGER"

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BALANCED FOOD.



needs every day to guard  
against "Hidden Hunger".



FOR DEEP,  
REFRESHING  
SLEEP...

a cup of hot Horlicks before bed relaxes your body, soothes your nerves, and induces deep, restful sleep. Off you go... to replace lost energy and wake really refreshed.



DRINK  
**HORLICKS**  
and guard against

## "HIDDEN HUNGER"

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## Editorial

Vol. 20, No. 2

June 11, 1952

### SNOW SPORTS FOR ALL

THIS year, for the first time, N.S.W. ski clubs will be making full use of their huts, recently completed in the Mt. Kosciusko area.

The N.S.W. Government, after much delay, has followed the lead of Victoria by permitting clubs to build their own huts.

The previous attitude of the N.S.W. Government was that the snowfields should remain a State monopoly.

That has meant, so far, that the average young skier was paying luxury prices for hostel-type accommodation.

The new huts will relieve the accommodation shortage and at the same time open up the snowfields.

The more country that is known the less danger of accidents or lost skiers.

These huts are a year-round asset, as summer vacations are becoming increasingly popular in these areas.

Australia's snowfields are extensive. Falls are generally good for at least four months of the year and are often followed by weeks of perfect weather.

They are an asset which should be developed by a sport-loving people.

The average young skier requires only comfortable sleeping accommodation, hot water, and good cooking.

Every young Australian who wishes should be able to have a snow holiday without paying exorbitant accommodation rates.

The snowfields belong to the whole Commonwealth and the States' desire should be to make them open to every skier who wishes to go there.

### OUR COVER

Although the Queen is anxious that Prince Charles should live the life of an ordinary little boy for as long as possible, his childhood must differ in many respects from that of other children. Our cover shows the chubby little Prince in a serious mood in a painting by L. Trapp specially commissioned by the Queen Mother. He will be four on November 13.

### This week:

● A story from Peter Hastings in New York on page 12 gives a happy picture of blind pianist Alec Templeton's life, in which hearing doubles for seeing and sounds are heard in terms of music. Deep-sea fishing in Florida is a new interest for Mr. Templeton, but, though he has had bites, he has not yet landed a fish. He may have this thrill in Australia. He particularly wants to hear the sort of musical noise a big fish makes swishing round in a boat. One of the Templetons' greatest friends is Gracie Fields. "You could have knocked us down with the smallest aspidochelone in the world when we heard of her recent marriage," Mr. Templeton said.

● A Western Australian woman, Mrs. P. C. Taylor, who has spent many holidays at the Monte Bello islands, where atomic weapon tests are to be made this year, gives a lively account on pages 26 and 27 of this former haunt of pearl divers, which she visited aboard loggers and fishing boats. Mrs. Taylor much regrets that the turtles that abound there will probably be atom-bomb casualties. She told us that children in the holiday parties used to rob the turtles' nests and amuse themselves by throwing the eggs, which are round like ping-pong balls and soft shelled, at one another.

Exclusive color pictures of atom bomb testing at Yucca Flats, Nevada, on pages 28 and 29, give a spectacular glimpse of what may happen at Monte Bello islands.

### Next week:

● A special supplement containing color pictures and details of a completely equipped and furnished modern home will provide inspiration and new ideas for everyone who owns a house or who dreams of owning one some day. Designed for a family home, it is equipped with every possible labor-saving device, and is teeming with bright ideas to lessen work and increase comfort.

## BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

HERE is a travel book that combines mysticism, exploration, and passages of thrilling descriptive beauty with some thought-provoking comments on South African affairs.

Laurens van der Post was born to the beat of Africa's heart. He fought in Abyssinia, the Western Desert, Syria, the Transjordan frontier, and in the jungles of Indonesia, then in the Dutch East Indies, before being taken prisoner.

The author, whose family on his mother's side was Dutch pioneering stock, was asked by the British Government in 1949 to make an exploration of two tracts of Nyasaland (old British Central Africa).

One of these was a huge mountain mass named Mlanje, in the extreme south of the Protectorate, and the other the 9000ft. Nyika plateau, in the north.

Only a handful of botanists, hunters, prospectors, and forestry officers had been on either. Neither place had been officially explored.

Mlanje is held in superstitious awe by the natives. Their legends about the mountain gave Rider Haggard his

idea for "The People of the Mist."

Colonel van der Post's experience on Mlanje provides the core of the book.

From the first his own instinct warned him against the expedition.

Native bearers were difficult to come by. They were frightened in a queer way about the mountain's black mist, its height, its cold, its ancient foreboding.

The mixture of dreamer and secret agent in the author guides his pen in unfolding the tragedy of the mountain with unerring natural drama.

What happens later on the Nyika plateau, fantastically beautiful with its lakes and plains, becomes a kind of re-statement of faith.

### VENTURE TO THE INTERIOR by Laurens van der Post

In retrospect there is about the whole book an irritatingly inconclusive quality, not improved by one of those mad-dening statements on the dust jacket that the author's wartime exploits may not yet be told.

We are left up in the air about just what was the "private and personal part" played by van der Post during the nationalist resurgence in Java and Sumatra.

He states that in 1945 he was sent by Lord Mountbatten to report to the British Prime Minister and the War Cabinet, and that at a later period he accomplished some task that put his "prisoner-of-war conscience at rest."

The book ends without it even being made clear exactly what he achieved on the African mission.

None the less Laurens van der Post's story has great quality and charm, and most readers will finish it wondering in what way the world is going to hear next of a man whose frontispiece photograph marks him for legend.

"Venture to the Interior" is published by the Hogarth Press. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



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Fresher!



Feel  
Smoother!



Stay  
Daintier!

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FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silky sheen & protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.



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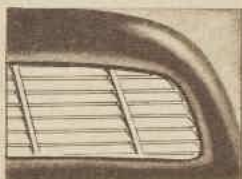
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# Blind pianist "sees" world by its sounds

By PETER HASTINGS, of our New York staff

Alec Templeton, whose ten weeks' Australian tour begins in Melbourne on June 18, is a wit, composer, and pianist of enchanting technique.

He speaks several languages, plays the bagpipes, oboe, flute, ukulele, and zither expertly; and in his spare time he builds chiming clocks and musical boxes.

THE most extraordinary thing about Alec Templeton is that he does all these things although he is blind. But to him blindness is no disability.

"What handicap?" he snorted at a well-meaning woman who pitted him aloud at an after-concert reception. "I have no handicap."

You believe that when you see him in his beautiful home outside New York. He moves quickly and easily from room to room, expertly manoeuvring his way past tables loaded with objets d'art.

Templeton is 41 and looks 31. Apart from being an unusually brilliant pianist he is a master of improvisation.

His musical wit is best known in that series of brilliant records "Modernising the Masters," which includes "Bach Goes to Town," "Mozart Matriculates," "Ridin' With Haydn," and "Scarlati Stoops to Conga."

Alec Templeton was born blind in Cardiff, Wales. At the Royal College of Music, London, he was regarded as a musician of rare and diverse talents by such an authority as Vaughan Williams.

He came to America in 1935 with band-leader-impresario Jack Hylton. Templeton liked America—particularly New York, whose noises he describes as "exhilarating"—decided to stay, and became an American citizen in 1940.

Templeton is short and prefers to talk standing up, occasionally turning round in a full circle and facing you again.

He speaks rapidly in a clipped English accent. His conversation is constantly amusing and his manner warm and sincere. He gives the impression that life is a lot of fun punctuated by occasional hard work in the form of extended tours.

His attractive, auburn-haired Californian wife, Julie, says the only time he is serious is when he's composing or playing.

Alec looks forward to going to Australia.

"You know," he said, "Australia has produced some splendid musicians, singers, and composers. I know Percy Grainger quite well, and I thought that Antill's 'Corroboree' was quite tremendous when I heard Eugene Goossens conduct it here."

"Gene is an old friend of Julie's and mine, and I think the Sydney Symphony is very lucky to have him."

"The other thing I look forward to in Australia is the people. Australian audiences have a wonderful reputation among musicians, conductors, and actors."

He turned towards me and shot out the question: "What sort of noises do you have down there?"

His wife interposed: "Alec sees everything in terms of sound."

Alec added: "We were driving along in Minnesota one day and all round us were pheasants. Stanley North had just wished for a gun when one of those birds came 'per-lup' against the windscreen and fell 'per-lup' on the bonnet—in E Flat."



GUIDED BY HIS WIFE (right), blind musician Alec Templeton has an audience with Pope Pius XII. Alec Templeton has a phenomenal memory and never forgets a voice, name, or musical score.

Alec stopped talking to bend down and stroke a magnificent black Persian cat.

"This is Louis Armstrong," he said. "He isn't a bad cat, but he can't bear the sound of bagpipes."

Templeton is an expert piper and practises for hours in the drawing-room when the mood is on him.

"Everybody goes out except Genesis, our Airedale pup, who loves 'em," he added.

Alec is an honorary pipe-major in the Royal Canadian Air Force and the Canadian Seaforth Highlanders. He hopes that one of the Australian Scottish battalions or associations will lend him some pipes.

He won't take his because they are objects of suspicion and acrimony with customs officials, who, he says, have more than once examined them for smuggled diamonds.

Any talk with Alec Templeton sooner or later veers round to music and composers. As soon as he finds out one of your pet dislikes he tries to tell you why you should like it.

I told him I liked Germain but not his Concerto in F.

In a flash Templeton was striding through the hallway, skirting chairs and tables until he reached the piano. He sat down and began the piano score of the concerto, keeping up a running commentary: "Don't you like this bit?" and "Here's a pretty melody, listen to it carefully and you'll see why you should like it."

Mrs. Templeton interrupted in a vain effort to remind Alec of his crowded schedule. He waved her off impatiently. She and North smiled resignedly, and for the first time stopped looking at their wrist watches while Alec gave an impromptu recital.

He improvised in the manner of a number of classical composers, sometimes in conga, tango, or rumba rhythm. Occasionally he asked me for a composer's name. "Any name will do, any name you like."

"Purcell," I said at random. After five minutes Purcell he switched to Debussy. "Purcell's easy," he said amicably.

As he played, he told me he was born with the gift of memory and improvisation and started using both at the age of four. His sister had been playing a Beethoven sonata when their mother asked her to go to the grocer's on an errand. Still hearing the sound of the piano in the drawing-room, Mrs. Templeton went in to scold the girl for not doing as she had been told.

She was halted by the sight of the blind, four-year-old Alec, his hands barely able to span the keys, playing the sonata clumsily but accurately.

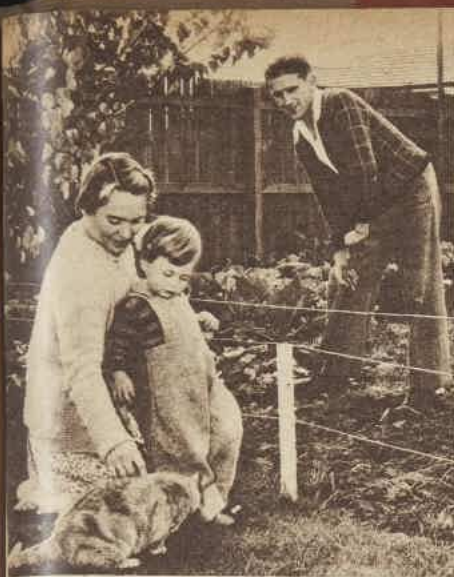
As Alec Templeton took me to the door, he outlined his Australian programmes.

The first half of each concert will be devoted to classical music and the second half to satirical and light pieces, with perhaps some excerpts from his own concertos. Each programme will end with improvisations in keys or in the manner of composers named by the audiences.



CANADIAN SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, of whose regiment he is honorary pipe-major, pipe in Alec Templeton at an Ontario concert. Templeton's personal representative, Stanley North, is guiding him. On the recommendation of his friends, Eugene Goossens and Eugene Ormandy, Templeton is looking forward to Australian audiences as "the most appreciative in the world."





MRS. PETER CODY and 20-months-old Belinda scotch Peter (only dig the garden of their home at Shepparton, Vic. Peter is chosen as a member of the Olympic team, but will not go to Helsinki because his wife is expecting a baby.



PETER CODY, who boxes under the name of Peter Cork, gives home instructions to young neighbor Bob McLarty while Bob's brother, Lindsay, and Ken Stone, who lives at Ascot Vale, watch from the fence.

## Boxer who gave up Games trip 'ideal husband'

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Australian amateur flyweight champion, Peter Cork, is an ideal husband, according to his wife.

Peter recently gave up his trip to Helsinki to represent Australia at the Olympic Games because he felt "a wife likes to have her husband round when she is having a baby."

THEY are expecting their second child a short while before the start of the Olympic team leaves on June 14.

"I don't think I would have had the heart to put on a good show at the Games if I was not there to watch the fight," Peter told me.

In his home town of Shepparton, in the heart of the Murrumbidgee fruit-growing district, 121 miles from Melbourne, Peter Cork is auto mechanic Peter Cody.

He lost his parents in his infancy and was brought up by a Shepparton couple, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cork. He calls himself Peter Cork in the boxing ring as a tribute to them.

Although thrilled by her husband's decision not to break up the family circle even for a few months, fair-haired, 23-year-old Mrs. Cody is disappointed he is not making the trip.

"He is a flyweight, and it is hard to get a match with anyone his own weight in Australia," she said.

Peter, also 23, is only 5ft. 11 in. tall and just touches the scales at 8st., in spite of his wife's efforts to "feed him up."

But, blue-eyed, shy, and smiling, he has a simple dignity and manner which gives the impression he is bigger.

He admits that since the arrival of his coach, Bill O'Brien, he has been in hand at the Shepparton Boys' Club, when he was 15, he has "boxed with his head."

This technique has gained him 23 wins and nine losses in his seven years' career as an amateur boxer.

His wife is his most ardent supporter. "Amateur boxing is a wonderful sport, but professional fighting always seems blood-thirsty to me," she said. "Peter will always remain an amateur."

News of his Olympic selection astonished the Codys. They were on their way home from Brisbane after Peter had won the Australian amateur flyweight title when they heard the news over the radio.

"He just said 'Gosh!'" Mrs. Cody said.

Encouraged by his wife, Peter began training—skipping, floor exercises, and running three miles a day.

He was coached by correspondence by Bill O'Brien, who had been transferred from Shepparton to Morwell by the State Electricity Commission.

Peter's expenses for the trip were to have been met by the Olympic Games Fund.

The Shepparton Boys' Club and townspeople, delighted by his selection, raised £200 to provide for his family while he was away.

"After about a month I found the idea of the trip was playing on Peter's mind," said Mrs. Cody.

"He became irritable and moody and didn't want to talk to me. Finally he told me he was troubled by the idea of people having to subscribe to a fund to keep us while he was away, and as we were about to have our second baby, he didn't want to leave me anyway."

"I would have been quite all right," Mrs. Cody said hastily, "but it is nice being spoiled a bit, too."

Twenty-months-old Belinda, who is as lively as a cricket—her parents even have little bells on her shoes to try to keep track of her movements—coos "fight, fight" whenever she catches a glimpse of her father's training gloves and boxing headgear.



BELINDA lends a helping hand by drying up the unbreakable articles. Mrs. Cody said that her husband always does the washing-up during the week-ends.

### Cookery book is sold out

THE Australian Women's Weekly "Picture Cookery Book" is now sold out.

The book proved so popular with all types of cooks, young and old, experienced and inexperienced, that supplies were quickly exhausted.

We regret no reprint will be possible.

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For fireside reading

## Complete novels weekly in coming issues



CHARLES SHAW,  
whose "Heaven  
Knows, Mr. Allison"  
will appear complete  
in our June 25 issue.

**Heaven  
Knows,  
Mr. Allison**  
CHARLES SHAW



POPULAR writer  
Margery Sharp. Her  
latest success, "Lise  
Lillywhite," will be in  
our issue of July 2.

**Lise  
Lillywhite**  
Margery  
Sharp

The Australian Women's Weekly will present in its issue of June 25 the first of a series of complete novels of outstanding merit. This will be "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," by a new Australian writer, Charles Shaw.

"HEAVEN Knows, Mr. Allison," which is the story of a nun and a soldier on a Pacific island during the war, has caused surprise, delight, and controversy here and abroad.

In England it has already jumped into its fourth edition and the novel has been sold to an American publisher.

Everyone knows how annoying it is to find late on Friday night that he has forgotten to visit the library, and how dreary it is to have to go out on a freezing night because he hasn't a bedside book.

The Australian Women's Weekly, with a complete novel in addition to a serial and short stories, will solve your winter reading problem.

These novels will give our readers an unparalleled opportunity to keep abreast of modern fiction.

The Australian Women's Weekly will contain these novels in addition to all regular features.

The novels will be printed as part of the paper in rotogravure for easy reading.

The three novels to follow "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" are:

- "Lise Lillywhite," by Margery Sharp, in our July 2 issue.
- "The Corpse Was in the Counting House," by Erle Stanley Gardner, on July 9, and
- "Deborah," by Marian Castle, on July 16.

Other titles include "The Great Gatsby," by Scott Fitzgerald, and "Gipsy Sixpence," by Edison Marshall.

"Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" is one of the most exciting first novels to appear in years. Charles Shaw was born in Melbourne 52 years ago.

"Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" is his first success.

A difficult theme is consistently handled with assurance. There is a sensitive appreciation of the difficulties, both physical and spiritual, in the strange situation in which the soldier and the nun find themselves.

It took Mr. Shaw two years of his spare time to write "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison."

Margery Sharp, whose latest book, "Lise



MYSTERY by Erle  
Stanley Gardner.  
"The Corpse Was in  
the Counting  
House," will appear  
on July 9.

**The CORPSE  
was in the  
COUNTING  
HOUSE**  
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Lillywhite," will be presented in its entirety on July 2, is an old friend.

The Australian Women's Weekly has published her "The Nutmeg Tree," "Harlequin House," and recently "Adventures at Large."

Lise Lillywhite is 17, English by birth but French by upbringing and in outlook.

Under the ample and strong wing of Tante Amelie, she is being groomed for her marriage into English society.

Erle Stanley Gardner, whose "The Corpse Was in the Counting House" will appear on July 9, is perhaps America's most prolific writer of detective fiction.

"The Corpse Was in the Counting House" introduces a new amateur detective, Neil Anson.

"Deborah," by Marian Castle, is a vivid, human-interest novel which will appeal to every woman.

Deborah Scerlie is the daughter of a family of Dakota farmers, who early in life decides that culture is what she wants most in life.

"Gipsy Sixpence," by Edison Marshall, is set in the period when Queen Victoria's armies were carving an empire for England.

"The Great Gatsby," by Scott Fitzgerald, is a sophisticated story of life in New York during the '1920's.

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Use it to put new sparkle in your smile. Don't  
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a double-bright smile.

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## In defence of men



### Stronger sex are now in a weak position

By PATRICIA ROLFE

When a private bill seeking to give married women a firmer grip on the family income recently failed to pass the second reading in the House of Commons, the latest skirmish in the battle of the sexes ended in a stalemate.

Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., introduced the bill, but only 74 of the 100 members required for a quorum were present when the debate ended.

THE 546 who were absent possibly think women have as many privileges as they need.

As a woman, taking up the forlorn cause of the down-trodden male won't get you an invitation to be guest speaker at the next Feminist Club luncheon, but as the Friend of Man a wonderful new future may open up before you.

The legal disabilities of the male are hardly enough to cause hysterical young men to lash themselves in righteous frenzy to the railings outside Parliament House, as young women did earlier in the century.

And the day probably never will dawn when a handsome young man will be dragged off to prison by two stalwart policemen for disturbing the peace by demanding the right to claim alimony.

Nevertheless, in many ways the law comes down harder on men than on women.

If men are in a mess, comes the indignant cry from the hardened feminist that they have only themselves to blame.

Men passed the laws. That is quite right. Man has only himself to blame if he put woman on a pedestal and now she kicks him in the teeth with her clay feet.

The disabilities men suffer under the law exist in practice rather than in theory.

A man can sue for breach of promise of marriage. He can get divorce costs. But just let him try.

The heartbroken male who can cry his woes into a handkerchief before a sympathetic judge and 12 good men and true and then collect damages to the tune of a couple of thousand pounds is a rare fellow indeed.

Few men are willing to play the part of heartbroken innocence which women adopt with verve and imagination.

And judges and juries seem to believe, without any real physiological basis, that women's hearts are delicate, fragile things, easily broken and requiring strong financial soldier, whereas men indeed have hearts of oak.

A breach of promise action these days is quite a financial proposition—for women.

Two women in Sydney a year or so ago each had her broken heart valued at £2000.

A brave Sydney man brought an action against a woman in Adelaide and got—exactly nothing.

The circumstances of the cases probably were totally different, but it all suggests that it is harder for men.

But even in these uncertain times most engagements finish at the altar.

Have you ever been to a wedding?

It is beautiful. The bride, trembling in white, and the bridegroom, trembling and rapidly going into the red.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow," the bridegroom fatuously proclaims for all the world to hear.

These words fall as refreshing rain on the parched pockets of the bride's father. The drought is broken at last.

At this point the bride becomingly blushes — and well she might.

"With all my worldly goods," he says... not "I'll go you halves," or "You take 90 per cent. and leave me beer and cigarette money," or the sporting Australian—"I'll toss you for it"... but "With all my worldly goods."

Probably he doesn't mean those words. He thinks they are just pretty words put in to make the ceremony more romantic. But when he says them he takes on a lot of responsibilities, and the law will hold him to them.

He has to support his wife for the rest of his days. If he

Now that the slogan "Equal Rights for Women" has worn threadbare it is only fair to hoist a banner with the strange device, "Equal Rights for Men."

fails to do so, she can have him sent to gaol.

On the other hand, even if she wins a lottery or if Uncle Bill, who went west of Black Stump in '90 to take up sheep-farming, dies and leaves her half a million, she isn't responsible for her husband's upkeep.

And if the frail barque of matrimony is wrecked on a reef, a man cannot claim alimony, no matter how wealthy his wife is.

In matters of debt, divorce costs, and wills, the law makes no distinction between man and wife.

Contrary to the optimistic belief of many women, a husband is not always responsible for his wife's debts. The law says he is responsible only when she acts as his agent of necessity.

A wife may even be responsible for her husband's debts, if he acted as her agent of necessity.

A wife in a divorce suit may be ordered to pay her husband's costs, although every solicitor knows that that doesn't happen often.

A wife, if she knew it, is worth more to her husband dead than alive.

He has no claim on her estate when she is alive, but can claim maintenance from her estate after her death.

A husband's only sure way of extracting money from his wife is with a hatchet.

However, murder is apt to land him in a place where opportunities for spending money are very restricted.

In Australia, where the juries are still all male, women get the full benefit of the sympathy of the opposite sex.

The advantages women have before the law are part of our Victorian hangover.

They were all very well when a working-girl was as rare as a packet of Australian cigarettes is to-day.

But to-day most girls and many married women work—and like it.

But no matter what a wife's circumstances or her husband's position, he is responsible for her upkeep and she is not responsible for his.

It costs men twice as much to see a prize-fight or to go to the races. Why? Only the most chivalrous would say it is because they take up twice the room.

They pay more for season tickets in trains and ferries. Why?

You can't have rights without responsibilities.

It is childish for men to say "Women have a vote, so why should I stand up in a tram for them?"

But it is just as childish for women to expect to earn as much as men and assume no financial responsibilities.

Come on, girls, stop hiding behind Grandma's bombazine.

## YOUR MOUTH IS A MIRROR

The condition of your tongue is a guide to the events taking place in your digestive system. If all is in order, your tongue is clean, your mouth fresh. But if your system's sluggish, your tongue becomes coated, your mouth feels thick, sour and unpleasant. That's when you need a sparkling dose of Andrews Liver Salt! This pleasant-tasting laxative cleans and freshens the mouth, stimulates digestion, and keeps your system free from clogging food wastes. Andrews puts a sparkle in your life!

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### YOUNGEST OF TEN!



MEET Terry Hicks, 6, of Annerley, Q. He's youngest of 10, has 2 nephews and nieces.

Terry is a promising soccer player, coached by a brother-in-law who has played interstate. Says his mother, Terry, like all my children and 4 grandchildren, has always had Vegemite. My Doctor advised it from an early age. Now they and their families would not be without Vegemite. Vegemite is a concentrated yeast extract, richer in Vitamin B than any other yeast extract manufactured and sold in Australia. Delicious, economical, contains no starch. Made by Kraft.

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CAPTIVATED by the beauty of the Sleeping Princess, Aurora, Prince Desire falls on his knees beside her bed on his arrival at the palace and awakens her with a kiss. The whole palace stirs, and, following their marriage, the lovers live happily.

## "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS"

★ The Borovansky Ballet Company has appeared in all States of the Commonwealth in the full-length version of "The Sleeping Princess." Now in Adelaide, they will revisit Melbourne, then tour New Zealand.



CONSTERNATION when lovely 16-year-old Princess Aurora pricked her finger with a spindle (left). The wicked fairy, Carabosse, had said she would die, but the Lilac Fairy transmuted the curse and Aurora fell asleep for 100 years before being awakened.

THE WICKED FAIRY, Carabosse, putting a curse on the baby princess at her christening because the princess' parents forgot to ask her to the party (above). She predicted that the princess would prick her finger with a needle when she was 16, and die.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JUNE 11, 1952

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YOU'LL NEVER FIND A LOVELIER PATTERN than "Nora," design in Patons Beehive Crepe which gives a crisp fabric especially suitable for fashion wear.

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## Worth Reporting

**A**FTER being the military first lady of the Far East for a year, Mrs. Matthew B. (Penny) Ridgway is Europe's No. 1 military Mrs. now that her husband has taken over General Dwight D. Eisenhower's post as Supreme Commander in Europe.

Women who knew Penny Ridgway in Tokio believe she will find the cosmopolitan social climate in Paris much more to her liking than the strictly military and "small town" atmosphere of the American community in Japan.

Mrs. Ridgway decorated two huge houses during her stay in Tokio—the U.S. Embassy mansion (after the Mac-Arthurs moved out) and the new residence the Ridgways moved into at the end of the occupation.

The new Tokio residence, a vast mansion formerly owned by the Marquis Maeda, has 28,300 square feet of space. It was reported that Mrs. Ridgway spent 100,000 dollars to redecorate the estate.

She decorates in a light, bright style, modern but not extreme. A friend said, "She 'youthified' both houses."

"A young and pretty wife really stands out at the Supreme Command social level," her friend added. "The French might well regard her as the living symbol of her husband's new command—SHAPE."

**LET THEM EAT CAKE** psychology. A notice recently seen in a breadshop window read: "Forget about the price of bread—eat more toast."

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY!



### Handling money no problem

**T**HOUGH it will be her first trip abroad, currency problems should not present many problems to Miss Gwen Bull, chaperon and manager of the Australian women's team selected for the Olympic Games at Helsinki next month.

She is paymaster of a big Western Australian firm. For ten years secretary of the Western Australian Women's Amateur Athletic Association, she has conducted teams on three interstate visits.

When the National Fitness Council started in Western Australia in 1942, Gwen Bull took its Leader's Certificate and completed four years' teaching of National Fitness recreational work.

She was one of the Australian selectors for the New Zealand Empire Games of 1950 and was an Australian selector for these Olympics.

All this, and a holder of a St. John's First Aid Certificate, too.

### Ballerina dress from tennis outfit

**"LUSH LORNA"** Cornell, Britain's "Gorgeous Gussie," is having the brocaded satin outfit she wore at the Lyons, France, tournament made into a ballerina evening gown for the ball held after the Wimbledon final.

It was made by famous Teddy Tinling, Britain's designer of unorthodox tennis outfits, and he is doing the re-making.

Lorna was Wimbledon junior woman champion for 1950 and 1951. She hopes to be drawn against the youthful United States champion Maureen Connolly in the Wimbledon championships this year.

When not playing tennis 19-year-old Lorna works as a model.

### Don't let grass grow under your feet

**N**O more pushing the lawn-mower on Saturday afternoon for the father who installs one of the new emerald-green moss lawns that need no cutting. Its family name is sagina and its natural habitat Corsica.

Some years ago specimens of the moss taken to New Zealand thrived so well that seed (so fine the safest method of gathering it is with a vacuum cleaner) was taken to South Australia, where to-day it is being grown commercially.

Hot weather does not harm it. In fact, if properly watered, the hotter the weather the greener the moss.

During the growing period it must be kept weeded, but once established it will choke out all weeds except couch and onion grass.

Rolled once a month during growth, it spreads evenly and quickly. In six months' time the moss lawn is completely established.

Blocks of moss have been air-freighted as far afield as Darwin.

One square foot in size, they cost £2 each, and each block will plant 100 square feet of lawn. Blocks are cut into half-inch squares, which are planted six inches apart and flush with the soil.

Moss grows sideways, knitting together for complete coverage in four to five months.

**MR. F. TOWNLEY**, who has just retired after twenty years' work in the freezing-room of a Hyde (Cheshire) ice-cream factory, has been given a fireside chair by his workmates.



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THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT  
to safeguard your charm  
IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

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**RHEUMATISM**  
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She had to tell a "white lie"

Men can't realise—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and time off. On those days every month, try taking a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Thousands of women and girls are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special Actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. Try Myzone with your very next "pain." All chemists.

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# Wool Ball

**HILARIOUS** hats made gaily infectious at the Wool Ball at Romanos, traditionally one of the loveliest balls of Sheep Week. It aided the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten. Prizes were awarded for the cleverest and best hats of wool.



**PRIZE-WINNING TOQUE** of strawberry-pink tulle, a silver bird, and shiny baubles was worn by Mrs. John Goodwin. Her husband borrowed a toy monkey from his son's nursery.



**GAY THREESOME.** Walter Pye, in battered wool cricket cap, Rada Penfold Shierlaw, and Pat Levy, who wore a grey lambswool Turk's fez. Rada's hat was of black ospreys.



**CHRISTMAS GIFTS** hung from Mrs. R. J. Withycombe's wreath of tinsel. Her husband wore a green velvet Robin Hood cap.



**YOUNG COUPLE.** Among the few young people were Doris Datch and Brian Cobcroft, of "Parraceena," Willow Tree.



**HAPPY GROUP.** A variety of crazy hats were worn by the Alexander Armstrongs (left), of "Winderadeen," Collector, the Max Stursons, and Mrs. Jack Beale. Guests were received by Mrs. Rex Money in the absence of the president, Mrs. Marcel Dekyere.



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**CHAMPION.** Mr. A. B. Carroll, of "Red Bank," Molong, who took Reserve Champion for his Corriedale ram at the Sydney Sheep Show, with Miss M. J. Stafford, of Narrabri.



**COCKTAIL PARTY.** Diana Field, of "Red Hill," Gundagai, and Peter Eastaway, of North Queensland, were among the 450 guests at the cocktail party given by N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association at the Showground after the opening of the Show.



**LEAVING ST. MARK'S.** Bob Watson, of "De Kerilleau," Wodonga, and his bride, formerly Christine Wilkinson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkinson, of Hay and "Cherry Tree," Cooma, leave for their wedding reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club.



**INTERESTING WEDDING.** Geoff Moses and his bride, formerly Claudia Beasley, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after wedding.

## Social Gittings

**T**HE golden fleece was the toast of the town when country people flocked to Sydney for the annual Sheep Show at the Showground.

Days of wool boom prices may have ended, but this was no damper on the gaiety of balls and parties accompanying the Show.

It was definitely the sheep's week, however, with dignified merinos arriving by charter planes from distant stations to be groomed for the £1,000,000 parade.

On the bleak, cold days at the Showground more than one blue-faced spectator envied the animals, who were snug and warm in their priceless winter woollies.

**FESTIVITIES** began with the Queen's Club "At Home" for 400 guests and the Corriedale Association dinner at the Pickwick Club. On the following day the Show was opened by the American Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Pete Jarman.

**JUDGING** from the number of men who unashamedly packed into the Handcrafts pavilion after the opening for the all-wool fashion parade, they are mighty interested in what happens to their pride-and-joys' fleeces once the manufacturer gets hold of them. The mannequins received a storm of applause as they paraded on the £750 "sea of wool" to the tune of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep."

"My sheep would be frightened to death if they saw THAT," said a crusty old squatter who was standing behind me when he saw a luxurious coat of curly lamb which had been plastically water-proofed.

**AFTER** the parade, most of the audience strolled across to the members' dining-room for the N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association cocktail party.



**COCKTAIL PARTY.** Jill Palmer, of "Nulla," Dubbo (centre), with her guests, Doug Macpherson (left) and Gordon Dimmick, of North Strathfield, and Captain and Mrs. Ron Andrews, of Blakehurst, at the Australian Society of British Breeds cocktail party at the Pickwick Club.



**FASHION PARADE.** Mr. Neilson Mills (left), of "Burrabogie," Hay, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. R. R. Wedgewood (Brisbane), Mr. W. A. Lewis, "Burrabogie," and Robin Wedgewood at the wool mannequin parade at the Sheep Show.



**COMING OF AGE.** Pip Tarlinton (right centre), with her sister, Mary Bell, Peter Morn, and David Sloane at the twenty-first birthday party given for her by her parents, Dr. and Mrs. K. F. Tarlinton, at their home at Darling Point. Pip's frock of white nylon tulle was worn with pink satin sandals.



**GAY PARTY.** Mr. and Mrs. Findlay Craig, of "Warravidgee," Taralga (back), with Leslie Clayton, Canberra, and Keith MacDonald at Sheep Show Ball.

**WOOL BALL** sidelights . . . Roy

McCaughy peering anxiously into a mirror as he tried on first a Turkish fez, then a striped pirate's cap, and finally settled for a scarlet-and-white sheik's turban of satin. Friends immediately nicknamed him Abdullah McCaughy. . . . Marcell Adams sticking plastic beauty spots on the noses and foreheads of husband Bill and the other male members of her party, Tom McCree and Jim Ryrie, of Michelago. The "spots" were brought from Paris by Phyllis Malcolm Reid, who gave them to Marcell at the ball . . . and the confession of John Bovill, who won the best man's wool hat, that he made it himself from his father's pink, blue, and navy flannel cricket cap and an outsized ball of wool stuck on the cap with two knitting needles.

**HIGHLIGHT** of the week for the young folk was the Matrons' Ball at Royal Sydney Golf Club given by 32 country and city matrons for their children and their young friends. Among the pretty girls who had been saving their most glamorous frocks for the occasion were Helen and Mary Street, Fiona Knox, Janet Milson, Georgina and Jennifer Coghlan, and Jane and Prudence Russell. Busily filling programmes were Sydney Evans, Peter Playfair, Philip Simpson, Pat Forbes, Murray Scott, and David Robinson.

**JUST** to round off the festivities, eligible bachelors Keith Leahy, David Marina, Roy Thompson, and Sam Walder will be hosts at a party for 350 guests at Glen Ascham this Friday.

Anne





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# Some of my patients

VARICOSE VEINS RUN IN FAMILIES  
... JUMPING ANT'S POISONOUS BITE

I OPENED the waiting-room door to Mrs. Grant, mother of five children.

"It seems a shame to take up your time," she said, "but I felt so tired after my morning's shopping that I dropped in on the way home.

"I think it must be my veins. My legs always feel heavy and tired, and after I've been standing for any time they get quite swollen."

"Let us have a look at you and see what really is wrong," I said.

After a check-up I told her that all I could find wrong was varicose veins.

"Oh, well," she said, "I've had them for years, but they've been quite bad since my last boy was born. Of course, they're in our family."

"Yes," I agreed. "They do run in families—and your children have given you five extra reasons for them. In fact, they probably became worse with each child."

"I'll get you some temporary support until you can be fixed up properly."

"My mother is staying with me, doctor. Hers are shocking. She has an ulcer on the inside of her ankle which is purple and very painful."

"But she says it's nothing, because my grandmother had very large veins, too. I wish you would see her for me."

About 50 per cent. of women with varicose veins can trace a family history as in this case. In fact, several members of the one family may have the same vein affected.

Standing for long periods or pressure on a vein may cause them. Even the humble garter has been blamed in susceptible cases. In the war years and since, standing in queues has brought many cases to the point where operations have been necessary.

Ulcers associated with varicose veins are nearly always on the inside of the ankle.

In spite of appearances, the ulcer does not eat into the bone, although the covering membrane of the bone may get very thick and inflamed. The ulcer travels round the leg, sometimes almost encircling it.

I saw Mrs. Grant's mother, and after some difficulty persuaded her to have complete bed rest until the ulcer was healed.

They were both very anxious for her to go to hospital, where the veins could be tied or injected at once.

"The tying of the veins, Mrs. Grant," I said, "is a serious operation, and it's not safe either to tie or inject until the ulcer is clean and free from infection."

Before I left I explained to Mrs. Grant that the presence of an ulcer does not necessarily imply that the veins are

worse than those not associated with an ulcer.

Even after tying or injection, the ulcer may not heal and may have to be cut out, but I won't worry Mrs. Grant with this information unless or until the necessity arises.

"WOULD you come now to Mummy?" said a little voice on the phone. "Her face is all swelled up and she can't breathe."

"Who is it?" I asked. "Helen Little," said the voice.

I jumped into the car at once, for I knew Mrs. Little would not ask Helen to ring unless she was too alarmingly ill to do so herself.

## By A DOCTOR

What a sight she was! Her lips, her eyes, and her tongue were swollen; she was gasping for breath and could not speak.

I gave her an injection to ease her breathing and reduce the swelling, and when she was improving and able to talk I asked her about some angry marks on her wrist.

"Ant bites," she said. "Soldier ants—the big ones that jump."

"Two or three weeks ago one bit me, and yesterday my husband meant to destroy the nest, but there must be some still there."

"This morning, when I was hanging out the baby's washing, I picked up some pegs off the ground and several ants jumped on me."

I rang Mr. Little to come home at once and collect some anti-histamine pills for her to have as soon as possible. Then I gave her another injection and went home to do my surgery.

"What caused the attack, doctor?" asked Mr. Little when he called in later.

"Ants," I said. "It's unusual for ant-bites to cause this dangerous collapse, but it has been known to occur with ants of this type."

"Mrs. Little was probably sensitised to the poison by the first bite a few weeks ago, and this morning's bites caused the swelling of her face and lung tissues."

"Don't let your wife go near the ant-bed or down the garden until you're sure all the ants are killed."

"She may be allergic to them for all time."

"I thought ants only caused local swelling from their injection of formic acid," said Mr. Little. "I told her not to scratch the first bite, but I suppose it was easy for me to talk."

"Do you read Ogden Nash?" I asked as I showed him out.

"Do you remember what he said apropos of ants?"

"So what?"

"Would you be calm and placid if you were full of formic acid?"

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person.



JEFF KEATE

"About an hour after I eat I get a sharp pain between the Union Jack and the Hawaiian dancer."



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with thousands of home and office uses. Seals without water.

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V25



# Four Smart Olympians

★ Australia is the only country in the world which has four women athletes who break 11 seconds for 100 metres. They will form the Women's Relay Team at the Olympic Games to be held in Helsinki in July and will compete in separate events as well.

Here they are in color action shots on the track and for contrast in their party frocks.

MARJORIE JACKSON (above and below), of Lithgow, N.S.W., Australia's leading woman athlete, holds world's 100-yards record, 10.7 sec. She is 21, works as a typist, and plays basketball.

SHIRLEY STRICKLAND, of Western Australia, shown clearing a hurdle, above, is the first woman athlete to represent Australia twice at Olympic Games. Below is a more glamorous picture of Shirley, who is 26 years old and holds B.Sc. degree.

VERNA JOHNSTON, 22, of Dangin, W.A., above, holds the Australian broadjump title and has held State sprinting titles. Below, Verna in a party dress.



WINSOME CRIPPS, of Victoria, below and below right, has won every State sprint title under 440 yards. She is 21, is a primary-school teacher, speaks French, and is learning Finnish for the trip to Helsinki.





JUNE

# A.M. THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

MAKES A STARTLING  
REVELATION:

## Australia's health is being sabotaged because ONE STATE WON'T FIGHT T.B.

Unbelievable but true. A.M. dramatically tells the story of how this State is undermining the Australia-wide campaign to wipe out tuberculosis.



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Eight pages of pictures taken behind the Iron Curtain

IN THE SAME BIG ISSUE

A SCREEN FAVORITE IN THE FLESH  
"Evergreen" Jessie Matthews in Australia

NEW AUSTRALIANS TICKLE OUR PALATE  
The demand for European food is increasing

HOW TO GROW DAHLIAS  
Soil and methods that produce the best blooms

"SHAVE OR BET, SIR?"  
S.P. flourishes behind the barber's pole

BAD NEWS FOR GOLF PROS.  
Ben Hogan shatters their happy dreams

JUNE A.M. ON SALE  
NOW

# Burl is the boss, says his wife

By SHEILA PATRICK,  
staff reporter

The worst moment in Mrs. Burl Ives' married life was when her husband decided to breed and raise Anglo-Nubian goats.

Charming, blonde Helen Ives told me this when I interviewed her to find out what it is like being married to a famous folk-singer.

"SOON after we were married in 1945 Burl went into pictures, so we settled outside Hollywood in the San Fernando Valley and Burl began to breed goats," said Mrs. Ives.

"He bought three, and in no time we had 30.

"One day while Burl was away on a concert tour our hired man left suddenly and I was faced with the prospect of milking more than 20 goats.

"I'm a city girl, brought up in New York. I had no idea of how to milk anything, let alone a goat.

"But they were standing in their yard looking so pathetic and bleating so unhappily that I got out Burl's book 'How to Raise Goats,' then went to work and milked the lot."

She wrapped her grey mink stole closer round her shoulders and shuddered.

"I'm definitely not a country type. I got very tired of being shepherdess to a lot of goats," she added.

Helen Ives told me that as a husband, Burl was "thoughtful, kind—and just wonderful."

"He's always relaxed, no matter what is going on round him. Even when there really is something to worry about he just waves his hand and says it doesn't matter.

"Though he'd have justification, he's not a bit conceited, and he's not the least bit temperamental," she explained.

When the Ives' first met she thought him "rude and unpleasant," while he was irritated by her "college girl behaviour."

"Burl always says that he pursued me and I caught him," Mrs. Ives said, "and I guess it was like that.

"I was working as a producer of educational broadcasts for the N.B.C. when I heard this lovely voice.

"I engineered myself on to the same programme, but our first meeting went off badly.

"Later, when Burl came out of the Army, I met him at the Columbia studios. A year afterwards we were married."

The Ives' have formed Ives Productions, through which they publish Burl's songs and plays.

"I love Burl's work," enthused Helen Ives.

"He's not only a folk-singer.

He studies serious music and is a splendid lieder singer.

"He writes music, too. One of his numbers, 'This Time To-morrow,' recently became a hit tune in the States.

"Burl's two 13-episode musical plays for children might be broadcast by the Australian Broadcasting Commission while we're in Australia.

"They're called 'The Senses Man' and 'All Bad the Oaf'."

As her husband's manager, Mrs. Ives is kept busy arranging his concerts and looking after the publishing of his songs and plays.



BLONDE Helen Ives, wife of famous folk-singer Burl Ives, is her husband's manager. She first fell in love with his voice.

"But Burl always makes the final decisions," she said. "He's the boss.

"My assistant is a charming Melbourne girl named Marjorie Samuel. Marjorie's a gem. She not only does public relations with us but sees to Burl's things while he is away on tour."

Mrs. Ives, who was smartly dressed in a navy wool dress, with her long fair hair held back by combs, told me she wasn't really interested in clothes but "had to keep up with the Jones'."

"Just the same, I like to look nice, and it's important in my job," she said.

"I have worked out a basic wardrobe with all-climate clothes.

"As well as these clothes I'm wearing, I have a Persian lamb coat and a cloth coat, two blue suits and two sets of accessories, one for cocktail wear and one more practical.

"One is blue silk and the other blue cotton. They are interchangeable with two cocktail-length skirts and four blouses."

Before coming to Australia for his current Australian Broadcasting Commission tour, Burl Ives made a concert tour of Britain.

"At one concert Burl sang a folk song called 'The Boston Tea Tax Song,' which had been sung round the time of the Boston Tea Party," said Helen Ives.

"It was a great success. The English thoroughly enjoyed the joke on themselves."

The song was one of those they had found while working on a project for the Encyclopaedia Britannica. This was to select 120 American songs of historical significance to enliven the teaching of American history in schools.

As an honorary bard of the Clan McGregor, Burl Ives wears the kilt. His wife thinks it looks "swell."

"Thank goodness, although he's a big chap, he has nice legs," she said.

"But this 22 stone of his is a bit of a problem.

"When we got all our luggage in our hotel room, Burl literally could not turn round."

Both Burl and Helen Ives are licensed plane pilots, but Mrs. Ives said that once the initial thrill was over flying was "just routine—like driving a car."

"I learned to fly while Burl was away on tour," she said. "When he came home he rushed off and got his pilot's licence. On subsequent tours we used to fly our own plane, taking turns at the controls.

"Our first plane was a Stinson Station Waggon. Later we got a Navion.

"Burl and I are crazy about sailing," she added. "Our ship, Abaco Queen, a 51ft. ketch, is moored in Miami."

When I said that I was a sailing crank and had a little boat, Helen Ives grasped my arm and exclaimed excitedly, "Wonderful! Wonderful! Let's talk sailing."

"It's our only hobby. We steal away every minute we can to spend a few days on our boat.

"Once, during a concert tour in Boston, we strolled down the waterfront and saw a lovely 31ft. sloop. Burl stopped, looked at her, and said we must have her.

"We threw up the rest of the tour, busted all the money we had made on buying the sloop, and sailed in her to New York. It was freezing cold, and tough, but we loved it."

I promised to take Mrs. Ives round Sydney Harbor.

"But Burl is too big to fit into my sailboat," I apologised.

"Never mind," she replied. "It's nice to get out without the boss."

"I can never really do what I want to on our boat. Burl's always the skipper."



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make



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delicious



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 11, 1952





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For your personal entertainment an  
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## Monte Bello Islands



NEAREST PORT to the Monte Bello island group, Onslow, which is on the Australian mainland 75 miles away. Luggers from Onslow and even from as far north as Broome work in nearby Mary Anne Passage, which has rich pearling beds.

The remote and uninhabited Monte Bello island group off the westernmost coast of Australia could scarcely be expected to matter a great deal to anyone.

Yet the atom test to be made there this year will probably mean the end of a perfect holiday playground for Mrs. J. C. Taylor, of Parkerville, W.A.

MRS. TAYLOR is one of the very few women who have spent any length of time on Monte Bello.

The islands lack fresh water, so visitors usually made a one-day trip or anchored off-shore in pearling luggers or fishing vessels.

The adventurous spirit which took Mrs. Taylor to Monte Bello might well have come from her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Emma M. Withnell, the first white woman to settle in north-western Australia and known there as "The Mother of the North."

"Far from being the desolate wastes you would imagine, the islands are picturesque, surrounded by clear-water lagoons and coral reefs," said Mrs. Taylor.

"To drift over the reefs in a small boat and look down into the water is to see a coral fairyland."

"At low tide the reefs are

almost dry. In sea boots you can walk far out and collect quite lovely pieces of coral."

Mrs. Taylor said that she was never considered a first-class fisherwoman, but on



Monte Bello she could not fail to pull in huge snapper "the size one hears so much about but never sees."

"You just put your line in," she said, "and the fish do the rest."

"The oyster reefs, too, are

By WIN BISSET,  
staff reporter

numerous. We soon had jars full of oysters with very little effort, apart from the initial effort of cracking them open, of course.

"They were big and had a delicious flavor," she added.

On a holiday before World War II Mrs. Taylor and a party of friends built a shelter and camped on one island in the group.

"During the night we were awakened by crawling turtles and rats," said Mrs. Taylor. "They came in swarms, so we decided the only safe way to sleep was with our boots on."

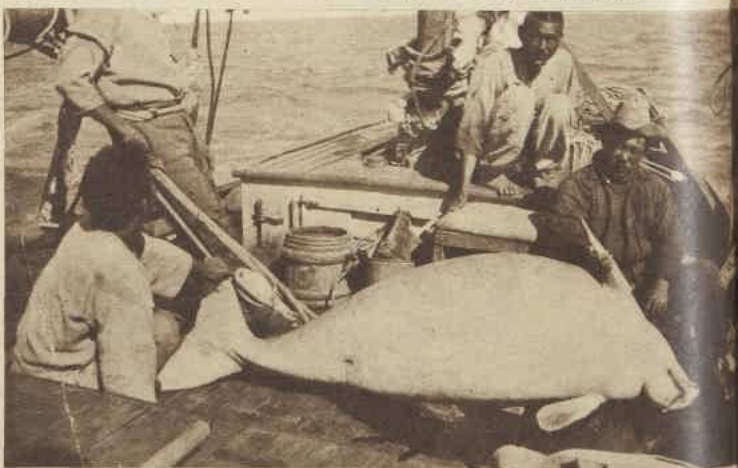
"The greenback turtle is best for eating, and the hawk-bill turtle for its shell. I have some fine pieces of hawk-bill shell from Monte Bello made into picture frames, combs, and bookmarks."

"Despite the pests, we lived well during that camp."

"Our menu included turtle soup, oyster patties, turtle steak and eggs, together with crayfish and snapper, and a damper or two."

"Our puff pastry was a blend of flour and turtle fat."

"The children with us made a sport of tracking the giant turtles and riding them down to the beach and into the water," added Mrs. Taylor.



DUGONG hauled aboard a lugger by coolies fishing off the islands. Treeming with fish, the area is visited by whales in the breeding season. Oysters are plentiful around the shores of the group, and from May to September the climate is ideal.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JUNE 11, 1952



# Site of British atom test



ISLAND (above) in the Monte Bello group, 50 miles from the Australian mainland. The group was discovered in 1805 by the French explorer Nicholas Baudin and named after the Duke of Monte Bello.

● Exclusive color pictures of the televised atom bomb explosion at Yucca Flats, Las Vegas, are overleaf on pages 28 and 29.

HAWK'S-BILL TURTLE (right) and greenback turtle landed on a fishing boat off-shore. The Monte Bello islands are breeding grounds for greenbacks.

TYPICAL COVE (below) and coral formation in the Monte Bello group. Growth on the islands is mostly spinifex with occasional clumps of purple flowers blooming among the grey and pink rock formations.



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## THIS WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS

You can easily save on winter medicine bills by using your own cough remedy in YOUR OWN HOME. Simply add sweetened water to a 1/2 bottle of HEENZO Concentrate. This makes the equal of eight bottles of the finest ready-mixed medicine for coughs, colds and sore throats. HEENZO is guaranteed safe for young and old... brings INSTANT RELIEF. See your chemist or store now. Ask for

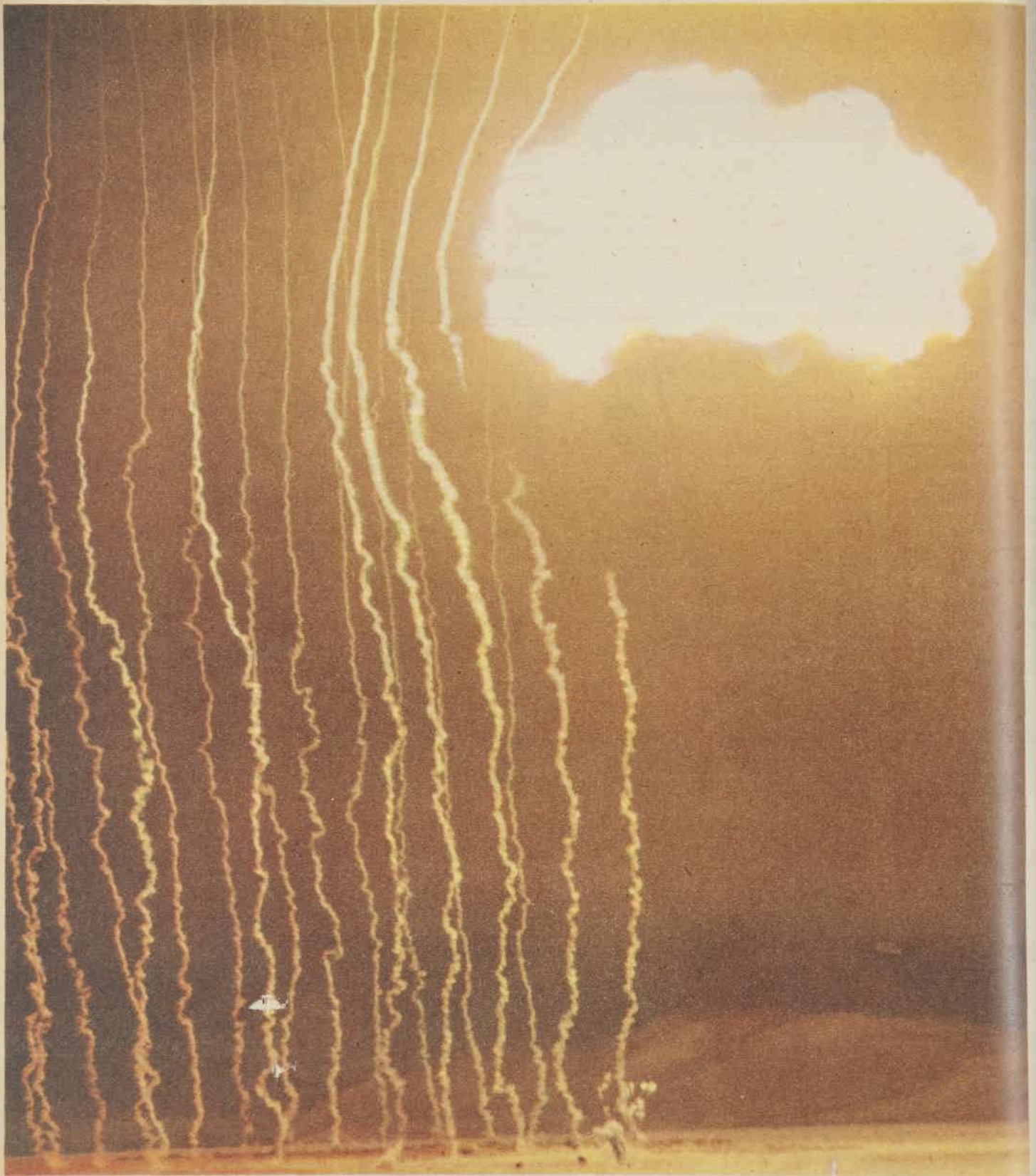
**HEENZO**  
For Coughs and Colds

## SKIN ITCH Stops in 7 Minutes

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.



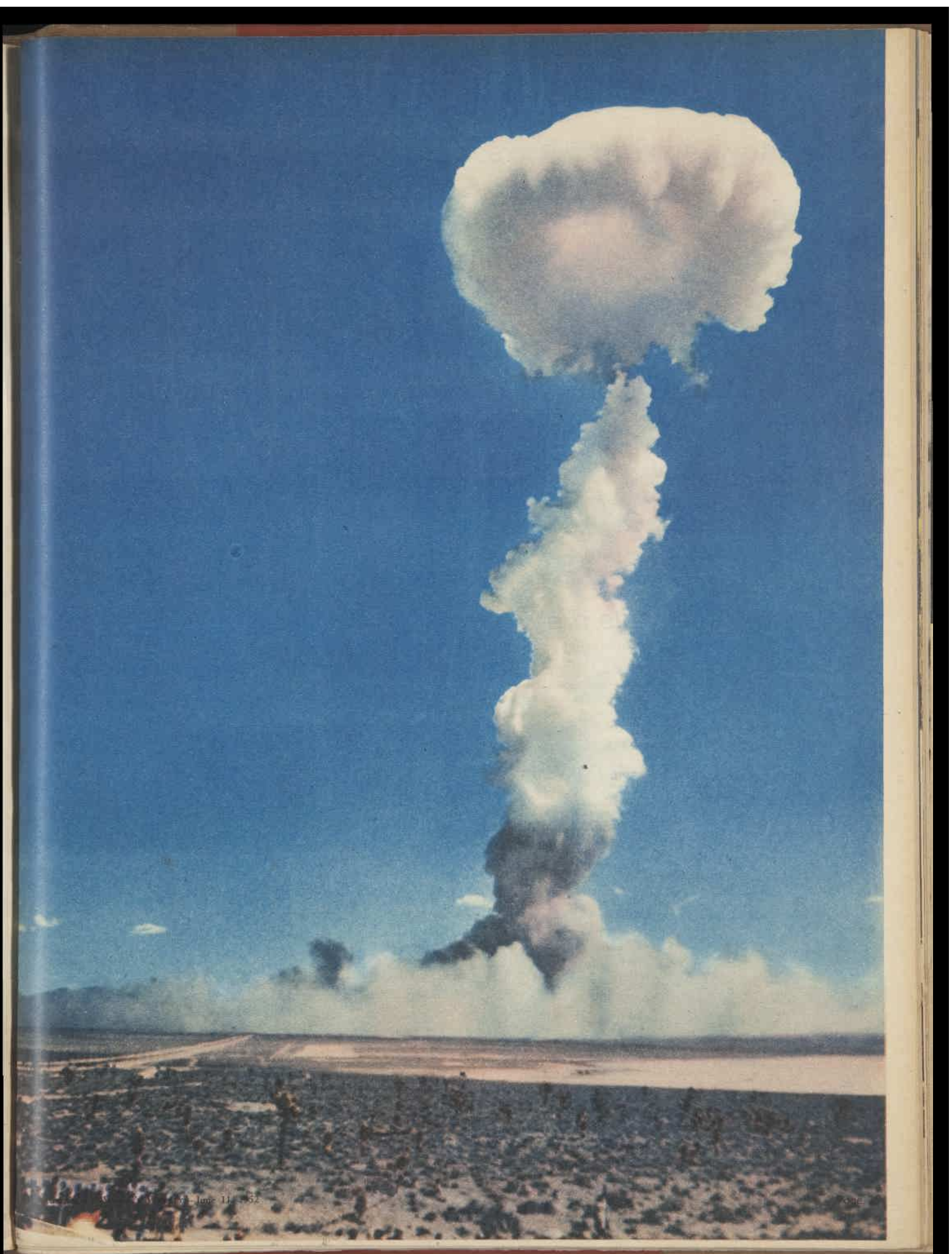
# 35,000,000 PEOPLE SAW THIS



FIRST COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS PUBLISHED IN AUSTRALIA of an atom bomb explosion show the brilliant bursts of the bomb dropped from a plane to explode at 3500 feet over Yucca Flat, Nevada, on April 22. Held in sunshine, the test—the first to be televised—was seen on TV by an audience of 35,000,000 people.

Above: Huge fireball forms a split second after the explosion. The streamers were caused by rockets carrying instruments to record radioactivity in the atmosphere. At right: Mushroom-shaped pillar of smoke rises high into the blue. Troops in the foreground were three miles away from the explosion centre.







# Come into the kitchen

Says

*Betty King*



noted Home Economist of  
World Brands Pty. Ltd.

## SOME SIMPLE IDEAS TO BUILD YOUR REPUTATION AS A HOSTESS

There's many a small daughter, who has launched her cooking career with crunchy Chocolate Crackles as her afternoon-tea recipe number one. It's the magical touch of Copha that lends a helping hand, turns cookie-making into a job that *anyone* can handle... and so very economically! You need only five minutes to get the ingredients together, and voila!... three dozen of these crunchy taste-teasing Chocolate Crackles.



### CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

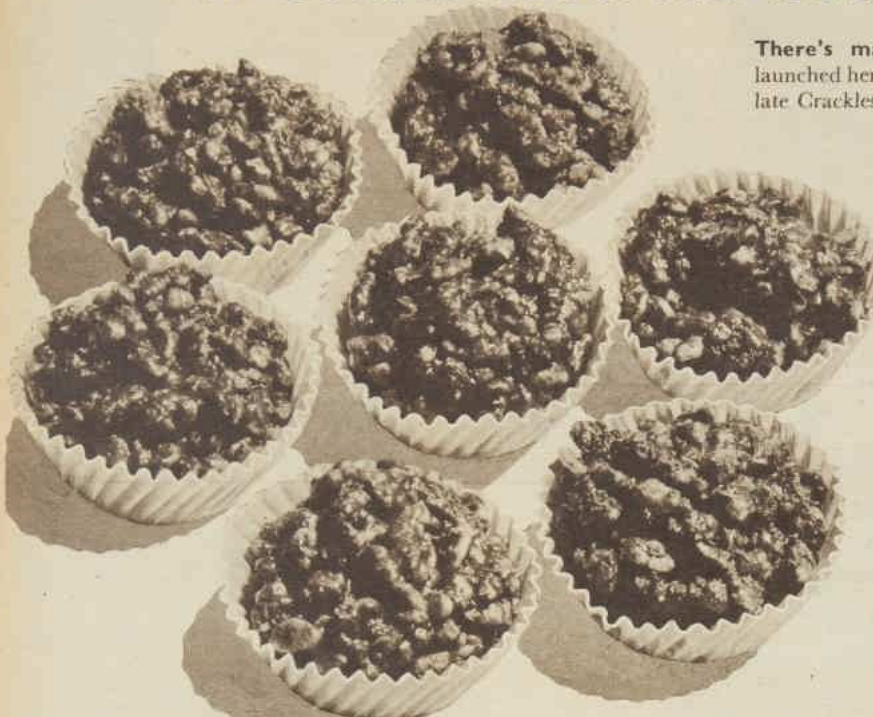
**Ingredients:** 8 ozs. Copha, 8 ozs. icing sugar, 3 tablespoons (heaped) Bournville cocoa, 1 cup coconut, 4 cups Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

#### Method:

1. Combine dry ingredients in a mixing bowl.
2. Melt Copha in a saucepan, pour onto dry ingredients and mix thoroughly.
3. Spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set.

**Yield:** about 3 dozen.

**Note:** If icing sugar is unobtainable, rolled crystal sugar or castor sugar may be substituted.



## THE TEA YOU SERVE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM

Tea parties make reputations as well as good neighbours whenever you serve Lipton Tea. 'Brisk' Lipton Tea is so lively and refreshing that you'll find even your fussiest guest acting like Oliver Twist and asking for more. Small wonder... for Lipton experts, following the standards laid down by Sir Thomas Lipton himself, carefully blend fine teas to get that one and only 'Brisk' Lipton flavour. Change to Lipton and you, too, will say 'Brisk' Lipton Tea — aah! That's for me!

### HOW TO BREW A BETTER CUP OF TEA

1. Warm the pot. (If you're using your best silver tea service, be sure to scald the pot before making the tea. Otherwise the tea may have a metallic taste).
2. Add one heaped teaspoon of tea for each person — and one extra for the pot. (Always use 'Brisk' Lipton tea and be sure you're serving the best).
3. Add just-boiled, bubbling water.
4. Stand for 5 minutes before pouring. This way the full-bodied, satisfying flavour of 'Brisk' Lipton tea is allowed to 'draw'.

Lipton tea and be sure you're serving the best).



## SPECIAL APPLE TEA CAKE

*Just Melt-n-Mix with COPHA*

No other shortening cuts time and corners like Copha and treats you to a holiday from tiresome creaming and messy cleaning up. Just melt the Copha, mix with the dry ingredients — no need to even beat the eggs! Only one mixing bowl, no wrist-work worth mentioning — it's that easy to make this fluffiest, creamiest of all afternoon-tea cakes. P.S. Because pure, snow-white Copha is more concentrated than ordinary shortenings, you'll find it goes a lot further — you need less.

### APPLE TOPPED TEA CAKE

**Ingredients:** 2 ozs. Copha, 4 ozs. (1 cup) sugar, 1 egg, grated rind 1 lemon or few drops of lemon essence, 5 tablespoons milk, 6 ozs. (1 1/2 cups) self-raising flour.

**Topping:** 1 cooking apple, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon.

**Preparation:** Grease a 7" round layer cake pan. Place sugar, egg, lemon flavouring and half the sifted flour and salt in a basin.

**Now Melt:** Place Copha in a saucepan and chop roughly. Melt over gentle heat, it should

be barely warm, not hot — test with your fingertip. Add measured milk to melted Copha.

**And Mix:** Pour Copha and milk onto ingredients in basin and beat for 5 minutes. Add remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer. Pour into prepared cake pan and cover top with thinly sliced raw apple. Sprinkle with combined sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate to hot oven 375°F. — 30-35 minutes. Serve freshly baked.



Address all correspondence to Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O. Sydney

You can be sure of the products recommended by

*Betty King*



## DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

Fashion plus utility can be combined to make a smart uniform for office workers. This fashion item answers the query from the reader whose letter appears below. The design is also suitable for other readers who have written for a practical frock to wear doing household chores.

I AM writing on behalf of a group of young office girls who work in a large organisation. Our problem is a design and paper pattern for a uniform, something smart and suitable to change into and save our outdoor clothes. We would like a style with short sleeves."

In these days of high prices I think a uniform for office girls is an excellent idea. The design I have chosen, sketched as right, is young, fresh, and has unencumbered lines. The front-buttoned fastening makes it easy to slip on and off. You will need 4yds. 36in. material to make the uniform. Available in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, a paper pattern for the design costs 3/6. The panel on this page will show you where and how to order.

### Air wardrobe

AS I will be travelling to Europe by plane soon, I wondered if you could give me some advice about clothes. I do not want to pay excess on my luggage."

A basic color, plus accent colors, is the best help towards travelling light. You will need a choice suit and a loose-fitting coat—the latter planned to wear over everything in your wardrobe. It would be an idea to have it reversible. You could then have a choice of colors. I advise separates for daywear—a moderately wide skirt and matched shirt-waist top that look like a one-piece, and one dressier top.

Lace for an evening dress and a matching jacket. For active flying hours, slacks and a comfortable shirt, or a comfortable one-piece dress if you don't wear slacks. Nylon for underwear and the lightest possible wool you can find for a dressing-gown. Your single-color plan will keep accessories to a minimum.

### Sports jacket

I WOULD like your help about the style of sports jacket to wear over slacks or a pleated sports skirt. I am 5ft. 6in., slim build, and want something new and a little unusual."

The endorsement of the middy silhouette by the Paris couture has brought a separate top which is neither quite a jacket nor a sweater into prominence for sportswear. This type of garment, made with a deep V-neckline, soft shoulder-line, breast and hip pockets, would be perfect for you in wool jersey. The silhouette is semi-fitted and belted, the waistline is not defined, but it can also be worn belted.

### Cummerbund line

WOULD it be correct to have the skirt of a costume shaped up above the normal waistline to form a kind of cummerbund?"

A number of suit skirts and even an occasional pair of



## DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design, and cost of pattern, 3/6.

Be sure to give full address, including the State you live in, and also supply size.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

slacks are cut two or three inches higher than the normal waistline. In every instance, however, the actual curve of the waistline is indicated and remains at its normal place in spite of these devices.

### The soft suit

WOULD you please suggest a style for a winter suit to be made in a fine, lightweight wool? I am not a very tailored type, and I want the suit to be feminine. Unfortunately, I haven't enough material for a full skirt."

My suggestion for your soft wool suit is a hip-length jacket, waistline well defined, with a small shawl collar and flat, self-material bow trimming, and two high-placed breast pockets. The skirt is slim and buttoned up the front with buttons about the size of a shilling.

SMART UNIFORM for office workers. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Available in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Pattern price, 3/6.

## Fashion FROCKS



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"RADA."—Sunny pleated skirt is obtainable in lightweight British melange. The color choice includes grey, blue, green, and brick-red. Ready To Wear: Sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 70/8, 10in. and 32in. waist, 70/8. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 58/8, 30in. and 32in. waist, 61/9. Postage, 3/3 extra.

"CORINNE."—A smartly styled skirt made in a small flecked check woolen tweed. The color choice includes brown, blue, and green. Ready To Wear: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 70/9. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 61/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

"NERVE."—A trim one-piece tennis frock obtainable in white rayon spun. Ready To Wear: Sizes 28in. and 34in. bust, 55/9, 36in. and 38in. bust, 58/11. Cut Out Only: Sizes 28in. and 34in. bust, 40/2, 36in. and 38in. bust, 43/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 47.

## Natural looking Curls



that defy dampness, sun, heat, dryness, cold

Yes—Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives you the most natural-looking wave you've ever seen, no frizz, no kinks, and so easy to manage. It can do this because of its 22% more effective waving lotion—and because of its brand-new secret ingredient, NEUTRALISER BOOSTER.

Now, you can not only get soft, lustrous, natural-looking curls, but also stronger curls that are unaffected by the elements, curls that spring right back after combing with all the strength of natural curls.

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GIVE IT A BEAUTIFUL LUSTROUS SHEEN WITH

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Its secret, of course, is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the Lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your comb will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become.

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GOOD FOR YOU!

Meadow-leaf TABLE MARGARINE



## Rid Kidneys Of Poisons & Acids

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Headaches, Nervousness, Backache, Lumbago, Dizziness, Cries Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store-to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

HE721

Page 31



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(as long as it's washed as wool)



The only all-Australian wool with a double-guarantee: knitted last years longer. The above design is from the new Twin-Prufe Knitting Book, Series 149. The new Twin-Prufe Knitting Books are available from retailers and newsagents. Or write direct to Knitting Book Dept., F. W. Hughes Industries Ltd., 24 Grosvenor Street, Sydney—price 1/- (posted 1/3). Post coupon for free guide to 1952 Twin-Prufe styles.

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State

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★ Fabiola

HIGH life in ancient Rome and the triumph of Christianity over paganism during the reign of Roman Emperor Constantine come complete with lions and love in "Fabiola," an Italo-American spectacle.

That the movie turns out to be somewhat lacklustre—in spite of colorful material and expensive backgrounds—is due to the long, dull script, fumbling direction, and the company's air of lassitude; the dubbing of English dialogue is sometimes out of keeping with characters, too.

Lovely Michele Morgan plays Fabiola, the daughter of a Roman noble; she loves Christian courier Rhuall (Henri Vidal), believing him to be a gladiator, and he eventually converts her to Christianity.

In Sydney—State.

### ★ Invitation

DOROTHY Maguire's new film "Invitation" puts her into the role of a girl who is likely to die from a mysterious heart affliction within twelve months.

The story is hardly worthy of Dorothy's special talent, nor is it always coherent, but she makes her character real.

Take along a good supply of handkerchiefs with which to mop your eyes, for this film is a weeper if ever I saw one.

Van Johnson has a key role in the drama as the opportunist but basically decent young man who marries Dorothy for her money when he believes that she cannot live for longer than a year.

Very soon Van learns to love his wife, and this paves the way for an idyllic finale.

As "the other woman," Ruth Roman gives the role significance. Louis Calhern plays the wealthy, doting parent of Miss Maguire.

In Sydney—Liberty.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

EMBASSY.—★ "The Browning Version," drama, starring Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The River," drama of India, starring Esmond Knight, Arthur Shields, Patricia Walters. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "Invitation," romantic drama, starring Dorothy Maguire, Van Johnson. (See review this page.) Plus "Love Is Better Than Ever," romantic comedy, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Larry Parks.

LYCEUM.—★ "Wherever She Goes," story of pianist Eileen Joyce, starring Muriel Steinbeck, Nigel Lovell, Suzanne Parrett. Plus "A Run For Your Money," British comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Moira Lister.

LVRIC.—★ "Lady and the Monster," thriller, starring Erich von Stroheim, Vera Ralston. Plus "Scream in the Dark." (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "Elopement," romantic comedy, starring Clifton Webb, Anne Francis, William Lundigan. Plus "Three Steps North," thriller, starring Lloyd Bridges.

PALACE.—★ "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison," prison melodrama, starring David Brian, Steve Cochran, Ted de Corsia. Plus "Arthur Takes Over." (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—★ "Rocky Mountain," period Western, starring Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore. Plus "The Hoodlum," thriller, starring Lawrence Tierney.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "A Place in the Sun," drama, starring Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "The Desert Fox," wartime story of Rommel, starring James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Jessica Tandy. Plus "Man With My Face," mystery, starring Barry Nelson.

SAVOY.—★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Fabiola," drama of early Rome, starring Michele Morgan, Henri Vidal. (See review this page.) Plus "Never Trust a Gambler," mystery drama, starring Dane Clark, Cathy O'Donnell.

VARIETY.—★ "Topper Takes a Trip," comedy, starring Roland Young, Constance Bennett. Plus "St. Martin's Lane," starring Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton.

VICTORY.—★ "Battle at Apache Pass," technicolor Western, starring John Lund, Jeff Chandler, Susan Cabot. Plus "Finders Keepers," starring Tom Ewell.

### Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "The Woman in Question," mystery drama, starring Jean Kent, Dirk Bogarde, John McCallum. Plus "North-west Stampede," technicolor Western, starring James Craig, Joan Leslie. (Re-release.)

CENTURY.—★ "I Want You," romantic drama, starring Dana Andrews, Dorothy Maguire, Farley Granger, Peggy Dow. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "The Breaking Point," drama, starring John Garfield, Patricia Neal. Plus "The Challenge," thriller, starring Tom Conway, June Vincent. (Re-release.)

PARK.—★ "Storm Warning," social drama, starring Ginger Rogers, Ronald Reagan, Doris Day, Steve Cochran. Plus "Rio Grande Patrol," a Tim Holt Western.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Lone Star," romantic Western, starring Clark Gable, Ava Gardner. Plus "Talk About a Stranger," drama, starring Nancy Davis, George Murphy.



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**Meds**

a message about

**Meds**

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with the need for sanitary belts. Chafing, uncomfortable bulk and a revealing line are all eliminated. You, too, can have the new freedom, the self-assurance, the poise that only Meds can give. "Next time" try Meds. In fact, buy a packet now and be ready! Don't deprive yourself of this wonderful Meds freedom any longer. If you want any further information, cut out and post the coupon below to Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson, Box 3531, G.P.O., Sydney, for this FREE Meds booklet—it will help you towards greater comfort—and tells all about safe internal sanitary protection.

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**1 FRUSTRATED** salesman Willy Loman (Fredric March) confides to his wife, Linda (Mildred Dunnock), his feeling of guilt over failure to attain success in life. Willy believes that popularity means success.



**2 MEMORY** takes Willy back to an incident in which son Biff (Kevin McCarthy), left, was shocked to find his father in a hotel room with a girl. Willy reasons that he is partly responsible for Biff's unstable character.



**3 PICK-UP** technique comes easily to Willy's other son, Happy (Cameron Mitchell), a woman-chaser who pursues his visions of success in minor office job.

## DEATH OF A SALESMAN

ONE of the most discussed American stage plays of the past decade, the Pulitzer Prize winner "Death of a Salesman" comes to the screen under the aegis of unorthodox movie producer Stanley Kramer (Columbia).

A social drama, the story concerns a man who suffers from a tragic dilemma. Willy Loman, the salesman, is a naive, pitiful figure who dreams of a good life for his wife and two sons, but is unable to cope with reality.

Fredric March plays the role of Willy Loman. His supporting cast, recruited from veterans of the New York and London productions of "Death of a Salesman," includes Mildred Dunnock, who appears as Willy's loyal, loving wife,



**4 UNDERSTANDING** Linda vainly reproaches sons Biff and Happy for their selfish attitude towards their father.



**5 WILLY'S REQUEST** for a transfer to New York, where he hopes for a fresh beginning, is refused by boss Howard Wagner (David Alpert). Instead Willy is dismissed and so has no money to help his sons.



**6 OFFER** of a job with wealthy friend Charley (Howard Smith) is refused by Willy although it is the obvious answer to his problem. Willy's reasoning is muddled as he listens to "advice" of his dead brother.



**7 APPARITION** of brother Ben (Royal Beal), right, a figment of Willy's fevered imagination, interrupts Willy's card game with Charley. Ben continuously appears to quite unbalanced Willy, each time advising him to join him in a better life.



**8 TRANSPORTED** by the thought that through his death Linda and his two sons will collect his life insurance, Willy excitedly drives off in his car with Ben by his side.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 11, 1952



# JUDY HOLLIDAY IN NEW COMEDY

★ Comedienne Judy Holliday, who established herself as a screen favorite in the role of Billie Dawn, the dumb blonde of "Born Yesterday," refuses to be typed. "I played the part once, and that's enough," she says firmly.

In her latest film, "The Marrying Kind" (Columbia), Judy is a young housewife seeking a divorce from her husband Chet (Aldo Ray), following a series of quarrels.



**TYING THE KNOT.** Judy Holliday as a bride (above) with screen husband Aldo Ray in the marriage scene from Columbia's new film "The Marrying Kind." In it Judy plays the role of a young housewife who believes she wants a divorce.

**DIRECTOR** George Cukor and Judy Holliday (below) discuss a technical point in "The Marrying Kind," in which she stars. Cukor also directed Judy in "Born Yesterday," for which she won the 1950 Oscar for the best acting performance.



JUDY HOLLIDAY, forthright New York actress, has an exclusive contract with Hollywood for one film a year for seven years. Her first movie was "Born Yesterday," a riotous comedy in which she scored a personal hit. "The Marrying Kind" is the second picture under the contract; it is a domestic comedy.



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it's beauty-giving! Big, big  
Bath Size Palmolive is perfect  
for bath or shower. Just the  
gentlest massage all over your  
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skin • Fresher, clearer  
color.

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Beautiful modern English Crystal of matchless purity—hand  
made and cut by craftsmen. Every piece carries the famous  
STUART signature. This lovely glass will beautify your table.



**EVERY BOY**

is "a movie fan."

Every boy is a half-built man,  
Every boy of the "make-good" sort  
Sticks to study as well as sport.  
Every boy with a healthy brain  
Will greet a sneak with a boy's  
disdain.  
Every boy with a cold, be sure,  
Barracks for

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

## The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 5

IN a moment I saw Gastineau  
sitting in a high-backed  
wing chair which had been  
pulled up to the desk. He was  
tidying a chaotic heap of papers  
which had covered it, and the  
waste-paper basket at his side  
was nearly full. He had moved  
when I came in and I saw the  
unspoken question in his eyes.

His eagerness shocked me, and  
I spoke stiffly: "Miss Forde's  
condition is unchanged. I  
came to ask you if I could have  
a room for Nurse Tooley. If  
she can get a little sleep now,  
it will help."

"A long day to-morrow, eh?  
Take any one you like, doctor.  
They're all empty." He spoke  
brightly. "The servants sleep  
at the back, where they have  
their own staircase."

He leaned back in the chair  
and pointed to the desk. "You  
see? I clean out my pigsty. It  
is about time, and it is as well  
to do something useful when  
one is waiting."

There was the same abomi-  
nable frankness, the same sugges-  
tion that we were allies. I was  
still recoiling from it when I  
heard him say:

"Doctor Ludlow telephoned,  
but I begged him to excuse my  
calling you down, as you were  
busy. I took the liberty of  
telling him that you had  
brought in Doctor Linnett."

He paused briefly and added,  
"He was relieved, and I imagine  
he has gone to bed. So you see  
we are all three here."

I realised just a little too  
late that he had checked John's  
identity very neatly and that  
this was a gentle reminder that  
we were all three in it together.

Angry with myself and  
frightened, my only consolation  
lay in the fact that I saw he  
was on edge myself.

"Nurse can have any room,  
you say? Thank you. Good  
night, Mr. Gastineau. When  
there is any further news, I  
shall let you know."

I got out on that and went  
up again, my knees feeling  
weak and unreliable. I found  
a room with a bed in it which  
wasn't damp, and I called Nurse  
Tooley out to it.

The sickroom was quiet and  
airy. John was by the bed  
and I went over to him.

"So far, so good." His nar-  
row eyes were bright in the  
light of the lamp. "The lungs  
are sticking it, that's the mercy.  
Good vetting of yours, Ann."

"No reaction yet?"

"No. We'll have to wait.  
Come and sit down."

We sat by the fire in the  
chairs which the nurse and I  
had pulled up earlier in the  
evening. John lay back, his

head resting against the chintz,  
and I could see the profile that  
the film people had gone so  
crazy about when they made  
the movie which smashed his  
life and mine.

I imagine that we both had  
the same thought just then. It  
amounted to a simple question:  
When, if ever, would he and I  
be able to sit quietly before a  
fire and speak freely again?

If Francia died—and, al-  
though I shrank from facing it,  
the chance of her recovery  
seemed very slender now—the  
answer was, irrevocably, never.  
Neither of us would do any  
cheating, betraying our oaths  
or laying ourselves open to  
blackmail.

The story was very simple to  
guess. There would be a few  
weeks of agony, gossip, and un-  
certainty, and then . . . what?  
Who was going to believe the  
literal truth from either of us?  
Would I, if I were on the jury?

John turned and caught my  
eye. The warm light made his  
face crimson. "I fell for the  
movies," he said abruptly.

The intimacy was so very  
precious to me that I drained  
saying something wrong. Far  
out of my childhood a scene at  
a Christmas party crept into  
my mind. I saw myself in  
white silk knickerbockers lashed  
to a lamp-standard mast.

"The boy stood on the burn-  
ing deck," I murmured.

He chuckled. The tears of  
laughter welled up and stood  
in his eyes. "Oh, heavens, you  
were funny!"

"Eh, eh, the lassie did her  
best."

"Father said that, I remem-  
ber. Oh, you were so angry!  
You kicked the audience."

I laughed. "I made a fool  
of myself, I know. I still re-  
member that with resentment."

"Do you?" He was staring  
back at the fire. "You didn't  
make such an ass of yourself as  
I did, Ann, in Italy."

I took all my courage in my  
hands. "It was a bad time just  
then, just after the war. Victo-  
ry and nothing else, not even  
peace."

"That was just about it," he  
agreed wearily, his forehead  
wrinkling. "We were just  
kicking our heels. I was sick of  
suffering and useless sacrifices,  
and these film people were  
frightfully amusing. I couldn't  
follow half of what they said,  
but it all seemed very compli-  
mentary. There was one little  
chap like a swallow Hotel . . .  
do you remember?"

Please turn to page 37



## A sensible suggestion

Recently I called on the manager of our local  
branch of the Bank of New South Wales, and  
arranged to open my own account. My husband  
thought it would be a good idea if I were able  
to pay the doctor, the dentist, the butcher and  
the baker, and all other household bills without  
having to keep money in the home. So now I  
make all payments by cheque. And if I have  
financial problems I seek the friendly advice  
of the "Wales" manager.

You, too, should consult and use—

You can  
bank on  
the "Wales"

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NEW SOUTH WALES**  
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AS/10

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Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts  
safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not red dress or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2  
seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



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USE ARRID — TO BE SURE!

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fied, freed from unpleasant stains,  
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SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY

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'Oxygen-cleans' and  
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58/11

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1953



## "Baby loves this bedtime laxative"



Laxettes taste exactly like fine chocolate—but they make you feel better tomorrow!

## -Laxettes, the kindly laxative

There's no fuss in your family when anyone is sick, livery, constipated—when you keep Laxettes in the home! Just a dose of Laxettes at night—no spoons, no spilling, no wait, no grumbling—and in the morning, a smooth, easy motion, and all happy and well again. Laxettes contain phenolphthalein, the wonderful tasteless medicine that clears away matter from the system gently and thoroughly. Not habit-forming; never upsets the stomach. Get some now!



The whole family keeps regular with Laxettes!

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Instantly neutralises excess acid which is the cause of digestive disorder, soothes the inflamed stomach lining, collecting it and enabling it to heal. Soon pain after meals, flatulence, heartburn and biliousness are things of the past. You can eat anything you like and feel good as new.

None genuine without this design and signature

One dose relieves pain and discomfort

Start treatment to-day. Obtainable from all Chemists.



Maclean Brand Stomach Powder

## The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 36

I NODDED. I could see the fat little Chinese god of plenty sitting on Mrs. Lannett's bedroom mantelpiece. John was following my thought. "I couldn't bear to come back to the empty house, Ann."

"No. Better not. Hotel was white, by the way."

"This little guy wasn't. He was grey. I don't know what he was or how he got there, but he was the big noise in the outfit. I was to be his big discovery, and he went through the command to get me the necessary leave like a knife going through butter. That's how that happened."

There was a long silence. I wanted to tell him that I could forgive anybody for shrinking from revisiting that pretty, shabby old house in Southam where every creak of a door latch must have brought him leaping up to meet parents who could never be there again. But I didn't say anything.

Behind us in the dark was the one thing which needed explaining. My throat grew dry and I fidgeted.

"Francis Forde was with them?" I murmured, and held my breath.

"She was about." His face was hardly so handsome with those deep lines in it.

"You fell for her too?"

"That was a mistake. I knew it. I was a fool." I felt him draw into himself and the shutters came down between us. "That's something I can't tell you; or, rather, something I won't tell you. Do you mind?"

Mind? Mind? When we had so little time?

"Good heavens, no," I said.

"I'm dying to talk about my work." And I climbed stiffly on my hobbyhorse. Gradually our talk came around to the diseases of children, and before we knew it our old dreams were out again.

"I've had my eye on Nurse Tooley for my clinic," I said.

"What, this one?" He was very interested. "Yes, she's quite exceptional, isn't she? I noticed that. What's she like with kids?"

"Marvellous." I started to say it, and the word had caught and died in my throat.

I bent my head over my hands. There was nothing I could do. The tears ran down my face and over my chin. I stuffed my body into the chair and struggled with myself, and his hand crept over my elbow and on to my wrist, where it settled like a band of steel.

"Ann. Oh, Ann."

It might have been the end of the world.

I heard it first. My ears, attuned to the faintest nuance in his voice, the slightest sound in the house, picked up the altered breathing from the bed. As I sprang to my feet the other sound came. It was deep, breathy, and quite horribly loud.

We were both on the other side of the room in an instant, and John's fingers fumbled as he felt for the lamp switch. Francis lay as we had left her. But, for the first time since I had seen her, her eyes were open, and as the light reached them they fluttered shut again. Her lips moved and very slowly she turned her head away.

Hardly daring, I put out my hand and took her wrist. The pulse was not so fast. It fluttered no longer.

I looked at John on the other side of the bed. His face started me. He was radiant. Pure joy looked out of his eyes as he watched her. His lips were half open, as if he were helping her, forcing her, to speak.

Please turn to page 38

## As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): You'll cover plenty of ground on June 9, with hopes high. The rainbow outlook may be washed away on June 11, but enough remains to color June 13 very prettily.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Try to spread yourself over too much ground on June 7 and you'll conk out, either financially or socially. June 12 is inclined to fulfil a cherished wish.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): The best moments for changes are rapidly passing. Choose June 8 for an overall plan, get going June 9, and streak through to a successful outcome on June 12.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): If your best efforts fail on June 8, grin and bear it. There's a bigger game in the offing, as you'll recognise on June 11, so get set to hit the target fair in the centre.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): The week-end, also June 11, should be handled with kid gloves. Leos may be pushed right into the background, but they should come into their own on June 12.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): You'll be obliged to push your interests constantly or this week will yield no results. Beginning with June 9, grit your teeth, but relax on June 13.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Parties and junketings fixed for June may be expensive and not much fun, so discount them in advance. June 12 smiles on journeys.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): An investment made or a present received could brighten June 9. Walk warily on June 11, bask in the sunshine of June 13.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Work indirectly through other people towards your goal on June 9; don't show your fine Italian hand or June 11 may chase you up a tree.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): The morning of June 7 beams on business arrangements; so does June 11 for permanently satisfactory agreements. June 9 is a hurdle.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): June 9 could be depressing, but June 10 may have major news which will change the entire scene and direction of your efforts.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): Much activity seems in store for June 8, with happy results. June 10 could produce a problem which must be faced and can be solved this week.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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FOR BRIGHTER-LIVING!

## OLD DUTCH CLEANSER



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**BIG**  
14 OZ. TIN

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D-34

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RINSO DOES MY WASHING UP TWICE AS FAST AS OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS



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In tests just completed, 92% of Australian housewives preferred Rinso to bar soaps for washing up. They proved that Rinso works faster and dissolves grease more efficiently than bar soaps because Rinso suds are thicker, richer and longer lasting.



2.32A WWA29

Your prettiest sportswear...

## Cleo

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SKIRTS  
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bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again with new energy



If you are suffering, this letter will interest you

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years."

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say, she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again."

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,  
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## Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

## How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment acts



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.

In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and rid yourself of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give yourself a new lease of life and youthful energy.

## Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

# The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 37

FRANCIA woke like the Sleeping Beauty after a thousand years. She was still drugged. Her eyes tried to focus and gave up. Her dry lips moved and she struggled with the clouds which held her.

Her will to live was tremendous. I felt it in her pulse. She was fighting manfully. One could only admire her.

I gave her a tiny sip from the cup beside me and she swallowed greedily.

"Francia!" John spoke sharply in the quiet room.

Her great eyes fluttered open and she looked full at him. Recognition was complete. There was even surprise.

"John," she said in a silly little baby voice, and her small claw of a hand, which still had crimson lacquer on its nails, closed pathetically over his.

In another moment she had gone again. He released himself gently and stood up and wiped his forehead.

"We've done it," he said. "She'll do. That's Phase One. Now, Ann, wake the nurse."

When Nurse Tooley came hurrying in, he was walking about the room like a lunatic.

"Broth," he said abruptly. "Anything hot and fluid and nourishing. She'll wake up starving in a minute. You did this, nurse, you and Doctor Fowler."

"You must take the credit yourself, sir." She was beaming at him, and for the first time I saw little beads on her wide, bumpy forehead. So she had been scared, too, had she? "She is so frail, you see. I thought—"

"Yes," he said, looking down, "so very little."

I hardly heard him. I went into the bathroom and met a drawn, hard, powderless face with red eyes peering at me out of the mirror. My hair looked as though someone had been trying to pull it off in a bunch. My bag was in there, and I did what I could with myself.

When I came out, John had fixed himself a high seat where he could command the bed, and he was sitting there, one hand on her pulse, his gaze fixed steadily on her face.

"Nearly normal," he said over his shoulder. "Do you think I'd raise the house if I burst into song?"

I bit back what I was going to say and made myself very busy.

"I wonder if I ought to go and help the nurse?"

"No. She'll find anything that's there. You leave it to her."

"And the patient to you?" He didn't even notice my tone. "Yes," he said contentedly, "and the patient to me. Look out."

Francia stirred again and we gave her water and I washed her mouth. She was gaining every minute, and every minute I was seeing more and more clearly the sort of person I thought she must be. Her beauty was but the half of it, I suspected.

John cut into my thought. "Of course you don't know her, do you?" he said cheerfully. "You wait."

On the last word he bent over her again, and so, mercifully, did not see my face.

The nurse returned triumphant with a smoking bowl on a tray.

"Just tinned soup," she apologised, "but it's a good kind. Mr. Gastinrau had to come out and find this for me himself or I shouldn't have got a thing. I've told him to send down to the town, wake some-

body up, and get me some meat extract."

John waved her to the hearth. He was still in ecstatic mood.

"Keep it hot a minute. She won't be so long now."

Since there was absolutely nothing for me to do, I sat down in the larger of the two chairs by the fire. My idea was to think out the next step. What were we going to do about Gastinrau?

The problem of Francie seemed to have been settled. John was attending to that.

Heat from the fire crept over me, and the relief from the strain of the past thirteen hours was very relaxing. Sleep hit me like a hammer. I felt it and hardly struggled against it. My last conscious thought was that there was nothing, nothing that I could do.

I awoke feeling that I was sailing slowly up an enormous lift shaft, and opened my eyes to see the cold light turning the chintz curtains grey. In the room, very far away, someone was speaking. It was a voice I had never heard before, female and husky and affected.

It said, unless I was still dreaming, "Not 'tirsty, 't'ank you."

I SAT up and saw Nurse Tooley looking down at me, a harassed expression on her shining face.

"Well, it's a wonderful thing to be able to sleep," she remarked. "I've heard you say so yourself, doctor. Good morning to you."

"I say, I'm sorry!" I got up and stretched my cramped legs. John was still at the bedside. I could see his shoulder blades, sharp and weary-looking, showing through his coat.

Raised now on a heap of pillows, her hair combed and her eyes wide open, lay Francie. As I went over I realised that something was different, and before I reached the bedside I knew what it was. The entire atmosphere had changed.

During all the terror and misery of the night, we three had been comrades, linked by a single outlook. Now that was gone. A stranger had arrived. John got up. He was exhausted and there were dark rings to his eyes.

"Take over, will you?" I don't want her to sleep for a bit. See what you think of the general condition."

"You're going to leave me?" The patient, who was as weak as a fish and still had the drag about her, managed to convey a sort of half-hearted seductiveness, and her little hands moved.

"Just for a while." John spoke firmly and kindly and exactly as any other doctor would have done. "Dr. Fowler will look after you."

"Vewy well." Her great eyes rolled away from him and came to rest on me. "Can you move me? I'm tired. One of my shoulders hurts. I don't know which one. Well, find out, can't you?"

Her speech was still slurred and she must have been only half conscious, but it was perfectly plain that she had one manner for men and another for women, neither of them guaranteed to be successful, I should have thought.

In the next twenty-five minutes I learned about Francie Forde. An hour later I could have written an essay on her, and I was a less jealous but infinitely more puzzled woman.

Please turn to page 39

## STRANGER COMING?



...there you and your professional help and advice...  
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...copies already sent out to young Australian mothers. Tell you all you want to know about modern methods of baby care. To secure your copy send your name and address - with 6d. in stamps - to: Baby's Health Food Company, 46 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

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To make the best and most fragrant QUICKSET Lettins of Home—  
(1) Get a tube of the new concentrated Curlyset from your nearest chemist or cosmetic counter.  
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(3) Squeeze the concentrated Curlyset into it, and shake till dissolved.  
Now you've got nearly a pint of the best and most fragrant QUICKSET Lettins.  
Get concentrated New Curlyset to-day for 4/4 from your chemist or cosmetic counter, and save 6/6 in your budget from now on.  
QUICKSET WITH CURLSET



FRANCIA was the most unsuitable person I had ever met and she had one interest—Francia. Greed, which was all the vices the most inhuman being, gleamed out of every word and every look.

Whatever I had expected, it was not this. Gastineau's story was completely convincing in every particular save the important one. It seemed impossible to me that he should have loved her.

Yet when I remembered that the incident had taken place at the beginning of the war, ten years ago, when she must have been still in her teens, perhaps it was not so difficult. She must have looked like a flower, perhaps even her greediness had been pretty, like a child's.

The thing I did not understand at all was John. He was sitting with his back to me in the chair I had slept in, and I saw his dark head above it. If he had been taken in, even for an hour, by this, he simply wasn't the man I thought he was.

I left Francia to Nurse Taddy and went to him. He considered me with narrowed eyes and did not move. His arms were folded and he looked like a sleepy bird.

"What are we going to do

## The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 38

with her?" He did not speak aloud, but mouthed the words very elaborately, so that I was bound to follow them.

After a bit he tried again. "Can't leave her here, can we?"

It was the one mood I had not expected. We were in a fine old predicament, the two of us.

"I'll find out."

I spoke with decision. The problem of Gastineau was yet to be solved. Our duty was plain. We ought to remove the woman and inform the police, and yet I shrank from it. I was not a detective . . . or a judge either. Yet one could hardly leave him loose, perhaps to try to kill again.

However, I could make him talk. He owed me that, at least. I went out of the room, stepped on to the dark landing, closed the door very softly behind me as a doctor should, and froze. Seated near the top of the stairs was the man with the umbrella.

He still had it with him, neatly rolled, hanging over the back of the chair. His hat was on his knees. He rose as I appeared and favored me with one of his apologetic stares.

"Good morning, doctor. May

I hope that the patient is a little better?"

I was not afraid of him any more. I made the discovery with a stab of delight. Indeed, eyeing him now, it seemed absurd that I ever had been, he was so meek and gentle looking.

"Yes, thank you," I said cheerfully, and was about to pass when he made a most surprising remark.

"I fear everyone else has gone," he said. "That was why I thought it best to come up here."

"Gone?" I repeated stupidly. "Oh, dear." It seemed to be his favorite expletive. "I made sure you knew. Otherwise I should have ventured to warn you. But since you had seen Mr. Gastineau destroying his papers, I made certain you had guessed his intentions. He and his servants went off in the car soon after the nurse came down for broth."

It was the longest speech I had ever heard him make. He towered over me and his pale eyes were frighteningly intelligent as they looked down into mine.

"I sincerely hope I've not been unhelpful, but, since I heard you trip over the manservant's trunk in the back kitchen, I really thought that you were aware that they contemplated flight."

"Where were you?" I demanded.

"I—er—I moved," he said obliquely. "Things looked odd and I didn't want to introduce myself just then."

"Who are you?" I nearly

said. "Who on earth are you?" but I had the impression that might have hurt him.

He was very dignified. He produced a card at once—with relief, I thought. Engraved on the pasteboard were the words:

REACQUAINTANCE, LTD.

MR. ROLAND BLUETT

"Oh, a detective agency!" I exclaimed in triumph, and a flush appeared on his high cheekbones.

"We don't call ourselves that, doctor," he protested gently. "We are a very old-established firm. We specialise in finding lost people with the maximum amount of discretion."

Most of our work concerns lost relatives, of course, but this—this was rather different."

He paused, his manner still very dignified. "In this case," he went on, "we represent Messrs. Moonlight, a rather larger concern than our own, if not quite so long established."

"I see," I agreed slowly.

He sighed. "I'm so glad," he said simply. "I did so fear you might have formed a wrong impression. My clients were merely anxious to make certain that nothing of—er—how shall I say?—an unfortunate nature would appear about Miss Forde in the very same newspapers which had

arranged to carry their advertisements."

He gave a deprecating little cough. "You do see, doctor, that would have been most embarrassing?"

"Do you know how nearly it might have happened?" I felt unkind as soon as I had spoken. He looked both intelligent and appalled.

"I gathered it," he said earnestly. "I've been on tenterhooks, believe me. But my position was particularly difficult, since the lady was in the care—and not the very good care, I fear—of her husband."

My heart jumped violently, but I didn't understand him. I stood looking at him blankly until he said primly, "Miss Forde was married to Mr. Gastineau some years ago in Sweden. We have verified that."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Oh, without a doubt," said Mr. Bluett firmly. "Otherwise my position would have been so much easier, wouldn't it? You would have found me at the front door, doctor, not the back. It was the return of Mr. Gastineau, virtually from the dead, which has made most of our trouble."

"But I thought Miss Forde was married to—to someone else," I said huskily.

He regarded me with horror and said the last thing I expected.

"Now that really would be intolerable! I know there was an unfortunate publicity story which appeared before she was famous, about some runaway—er—escapade in Italy, but, believe me, that was pure fiction. Miss Forde herself assured my clients, when they were checking her credentials, that there was nothing in it."

I could only stare at him stupidly.

"They understood that she was a widow," he went on. "Mr. Gastineau's widow. When they learned that she had vanished after going to dine with her husband, who had so suddenly reappeared, they were naturally anxious, so they put matters in our hands."

"Because they feared that she might be on the verge of a breakdown?" I murmured cruelly.

He met my eyes very steadily. "On the verge of a breakdown," he repeated meekly, and the vague expression crept over his eyes again.

I said nothing. My mind was seething with a thousand questions, and it was some seconds before I heard his polite inquiry:

"When do you think she will be well enough for me to take her back, doctor?"

When it did sink in, I nearly fell over. "Take her back?" I whispered.

"Naturally," he was surprised by my stupidity. "Quite frankly, now that I have found her, I have no intention of

leaving her side. My clients are in the process of spending two million pounds in publicising their product in advertisements which—er—incorporate her face. Now that Mr. Gastineau has gone, she will hardly want to stay here. I should like to take her back to her flat in London."

I didn't know what to do. I stood there shaking, wondering if I should tell John at once, wondering if I should clasp dear Mr. Bluett by the hand, wondering if I should sit down and cry with relief.

The thing which settled the matter was the most unexpected incident in the whole of that hectic week-end.

Downstairs in the front hall somebody coughed loudly and, looking over the banister, I found myself facing Percy Ludlow and a police sergeant. They were both cold and miserable, and Percy looked furious. As he saw me he heaved a noisy sigh.

"Ann! Thank goodness for somebody sensible! Come down, can you? Give this feller some sort of statement."

Mr. Bluett had faded into the background like a shadow, so I went down to them alone. Percy was stamping on the tiles to keep his feet warm.

HE had obviously been dragged out of bed, for he was unshaven and there was a muffled round his throat.

He surprised me by taking my arm. "You look tired. Had a bad night? Patient doing?"

"Not bad," I assured him. "That's all right, then. Sorry to bring you more trouble, but we can't get on without you. The two survivors can't speak anything but monkey talk."

"Survivors?"

"Yes." He fairly roared the word. "Another blessed road smash. And I tell you what, Ann—and I don't mind saying it in front of a policeman, he can take it down if he likes—it's solely the fault of that fool woman."

"What woman?"

He exploded. "Why, Lizzie! She was the only woman on the road. She admitted to running out to a fast-moving car and shining a flashlight in the eyes of the driver. I ask you! I hope she gets a reprimand from the court—in fact, I'll see that she gets it! Car turned clean over! One man died instantly!"

"Who?" I asked, although I thought I knew.

Please turn to page 41

-but they LOOK so well!



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This is all you need do . . . enjoy tasty, tasty Kellogg's All-Bran for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you don't feel it has helped you, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

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## The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 39

PERCY patted me. "Your patient, my dear. Sorry, but there you are. I think I'm right. Osteoarthritis, far advanced."

"Yes, that Gastineau." "That's all I want to know, doctor." The sergeant was gentle. "Just the name and approximate age. I can't get a word of sense out of the others." Percy stayed with me and, when the policeman had gone, tried to comfort me. "I don't quite know why."

"Poor feller," he murmured, standing on the doorstep, his legs wide apart, his old eyes roaming the morning scene. "Poor, poor feller. But still, arthritis. Joints badly affected. He hadn't much to look forward to, had he?"

"No." I spoke more softly than I had intended. "No, he hadn't."

Nurse Tooley and Mr. Blunt stayed with Francis, and before I left Peacocks I arranged for the Mapleford ambulance to take her back to London, but not to Barton Square. Mr. Blunt, who revealed remarkable resource, arranged for a London nurse to travel with her.

No one appeared to notice that it was a little odd that Gastineau and his servants should have decided to go driving in the dawn with a car full of luggage. Mapleford was so agitated at the accident and so intrigued by its cause that it missed the obvious.

The only person who would have been certain to seize on it was not saying very much just then. Poor Miss Clifkin had taken to her bed.

I took John home to breakfast and Rhoda met us with a look which said as plainly as words that we could tell her what we liked, but, as she saw it, we'd been out all night.

However, since "John was so thin," she spread herself over breakfast, and while she was cooking, and singing "Careless Hands" with expression, I snatched a bath and he telephoned Grundensberg.

We sat in the sunny window drinking coffee and eating homemade bread and the butter which Rhoda had had given to her by a woman who knows a cow, and we did not look at each other. The world was quiet and warm and green, and I was happy and hungry and curious.

John was happy too. It glowed in him and made him different and exciting and not at all as I had known him as a boy.

After a long time, he said abruptly, "I had a talk with Mr. Blunt, and, if he's right about Francis and Gastineau, you'll have to have me led around by a keeper, Ann. Choose someone kind."

"Is he right?" He spoke very slowly, putting out his hand to find mine. "The thing that makes it credible is the otherwise unbelievable attitude of Messrs. Moonlight and Company."

"Why?"

"Well, my dear girl, a concern of that size doesn't merely choose a pretty face, however famous. It's a serious business, that sort of advertising. They must have examined her record very carefully before they risked using her in a scheme as vast as that. If she said she was Gastineau's widow, they'd have spotted any legal second marriage, or so I should have thought."

I turned round to him, put my hands on his shoulders and looked into his face.

"It's time I had that story, John."

His face was close to mine, but there was no deeper color in it and his eyes were thoughtful rather than ashamed.

"Now we've saved her silly little life for her, I don't seem anywhere near so angry," he observed unexpectedly. "That was why I was so thrilled when I saw her reviving, I suppose. She certainly made a monkey out of me!"

"What was this?" I burst out with some asperity. "A shotgun wedding?"

That annoyed him, and his arms closed round me to make certain of me while he talked. In some ways he had not changed since he was ten.

"I didn't write and tell you about the film offer because I knew that you'd never approve of my giving up medicine, and I wanted to get it all fixed before you could advise against it," he announced with all the peculiar irritability of a man making a confession.

Please turn to page 42

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## The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 41

JOHN sighed and pushed my head down on his shoulder. "I told you. I fell for the movie offer and I helped push the thing through with the army. The company was going to make a film with an old French stage star—a wonderful old dear, Ann. I was to be the young army officer bursting with charm who was to make hay with her daughter's heart."

"Yes, I see all that," he said grimly. "I was so dead keen and so were all my pals in the regiment. Some of 'em were to be borrowed for small parts, and we were like kids about it all. The war was over and this was the first pleasant thing to happen to us for years. Unfortunately, I was teacher's pet and I didn't know the ropes at all. There's an awful lot of jealousy in that business, Ann."

"I believe you," I laughed, and he pushed my head down again.

"It's not quite as you think, all the same. The movies are a much more chancy business than most, and publicity seems to mean such a lot to everybody. You see, until the little director chap discovered me and got a story published about my being given indefinite leave—until then the daughter was supposed to be the second most important person in the show."

"Oh, I see. And she was to be played by Francia?"

"Exactly. Francia had been spotted playing bits in Sweden and had been sent over for the part. She was a go-getter in her way. At least she wouldn't let anything stand in it. But, unfortunately, when she arrived I had appeared on the scene and seemed all set to steal her thunder."

"Did she make it clear that she resented that?"

He grinned. "Not to me. I suppose I was the only soul in the outfit who had no notion what was happening. My idea was to act. I didn't know there was any more to the job. I was green! Francia began by snubbing me, and then, after she'd had a good look round, suddenly made a deal set at me. I wasn't attracted and I kept out of her way. That's why what happened took me completely by surprise."

He hesitated. "I think I exasperated her," he said at last.

"Anyway, just as all the preliminary publicity was going out she gave a party. I couldn't get out of going. I drank what I was handed, and after that it was the Bristol spice trick pure and simple."

I wriggled my head round to look up at him and sat up. "What's that?"

He was sneering, his fastidious nose contemptuous.

"The Bristol spice is the trick that in the seventeenth century the ladies of the town used to play on those prudent sailors who had left their pay with the mate, my dear. I didn't remember the end of the party, and when I did wake, with my head on fire, it was the day after to-morrow, so to speak."

"I was in a country-hotel bedroom, Francia was dancing about in a negligee, and a friend of hers—one of the lads who wrote publicity—was showing a pack of Italians he said were newspapermen a picture of Francia in a wedding dress and an Italian civil-marriage certificate. Everybody was drinking our health."

"What did you do?"

He smiled angrily. "Oh, same as the sailors, I'm afraid. It's a time-honored reaction, except that I had the presence of mind not to talk. I knocked out the publicity writer, and, while Francia was reviving him, dressed hurriedly in the bathroom and lit out of the window."

So ended my movie career."

"But, darling," I protested, "didn't you go back to the film people at all?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Where was the use? I'd got it into my head that the certificate was genuine. I was trapped. If I made a row I ruined myself and the film, and if I didn't—well, I had Francia on my hands. Besides—"

"Besides what?"

He gave me a curiously timid glance from under his lids. "I thought I was probably better at medicine. Oh, have a heart, Ann! I'd come smartly out of the rose-pink fog. I was sick to death of the whole lot of 'em."

I sat thinking. He might at least have told me. And yet I knew a little of the odd mental conditions which appeared in men who had suddenly been released from years of active service.

### Unusual new mystery serial

DOROTHY EDEN has come to be ranked as one of to-day's most readable and entertaining writers. Now we have pleasure in announcing her as the author of our next serial, "Voice of a Dove," to begin in our issue of June 18.

A child playing with dolls in a garden seems the very soul of happy harmony, but there was something out of key in this simple set-up that worried Sarah Stacey.

By consequence, she is caught up in a grim and provocative mystery, and her subsequent adventures make one of the most engrossing stories you have read.

Watch for the long opening instalment of this attractive serial next week.

We were still holding hands, and I moved a little nearer to him.

"You'd better find out about the marriage now."

"So I had!"

I couldn't resist it. "Lucky I waited," I observed.

He pulled me close to him and kissed me squarely on the mouth.

"I had my eye on you all the time."

"What?"

"I found out where you were when I got back. Then I had to get a job and I had to make good at it. Last week I thought the time had come and I set about breaking things to you gently. I began by letting it be known in Southwark that the prodigal had returned. I knew someone would pass it on."

I sat up at that. "Do you mean to say that you were conceited enough to expect me to approach you?"

He pulled me back again and chuckled. "Hang it," he said, "I got a telegram."

Rhoda stopped the fight by appearing in the doorway, the morning papers in her hand.

"See here!" Her voice was packed with admiration. "Look at Miss Francia doing her washing! Doesn't she look lovely? All over a whole page!"

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 11, 1952



# HOME ENTERTAINMENT

● **Entertaining is an art. The skilful hostess can arrange a large, formal party and make it seem to her guests as if it were no trouble at all, or have just a few friends in and make the occasion seem rather special. Here are some simple but novel party ideas.**

**M**OST of us would like our friends to visit us more often, but for some reason many hostesses to-day feel they must arrange an elaborate function—cocktail-party, dinner-party, or buffet.

This means a lot of work, enlarged household bills, and the home in a complete turmoil.

I would like to put in a strong plea for a return to informal entertaining—and what better time than winter?

The long, cold evenings are ideal for home entertaining. With a good fire and congenial friends, who cares if it freezes outside?

If your friends are near neighbors, they will be quite happy to call after dinner. This will give you time to finish the family meal, freshen up, and be ready to receive them.

It is a nice idea to tell them to come in time to join you for your after-dinner coffee. It gives a sense of being drawn into the family circle. Get out your nicest coffee-cups and pot, and, if you like, a liqueur.

I like the Continental idea of serving a slice of cake or a sweet biscuit with the coffee. If you do this, there will be no need to offer supper later unless you wish.

If your friends live some distance away, you will probably ask them to dinner.

**Don't start fussing. Let them feel that their visit has been no trouble for you.**

It will make it so much easier for them to return the compliment if you allow them to help with the serving and washing-up—they would be doing it at home, so why not share the job with you?

Have a meal that is simple but satisfying. A casserole is good, because it can be made the day before and re-heated, and a cold dessert.

Or why not have soup, casserole, and, after that has been cleared away and washed up, coffee and cake?

If you are planning a formal party it does mean taking trouble to make it worth while. Planning every detail in advance ensures the success of any entertainment.

Will you have enough plates, cutlery, and glasses?

Will you have enough ice—or should you order a block or two from the local ice-works?

Enough ash-trays? If not, better bring out any old saucers or small

By **JOAN MARTIN**

dishes that will serve the purpose and save the furniture.

Want to use the phonograph? How about borrowing some new recordings from friends? Get them to put some distinguishing mark on them—saves confusion later.

These and many more details should not be left till the last minute—you should be busy enough then.

A party calls for something a little unusual in the way of decoration.

If it is to celebrate a birthday and a cake seems a little juvenile, try a flat arrangement of flowers in the centre of the table.

In this arrangement stick the candles which you would otherwise have on the cake. The effect of candlelight with the flowers is enchanting.

Perhaps the occasion is the announcement of an engagement. Let the setting be a romantic one. Have the flowers in pastel tonings, and for the table try early-Victorian posies surrounded with silver hearts.

The hearts are cut from silver wrapping-paper and the flowers are the odds and ends left over from larger arrangements.

Tie the flowers into tight little bundles and push them through holes cut in the centre of the hearts.

Christmas decorations—those lovely glass balls and tinsel effects—can be successfully used in many ways, but one of the most attractive ideas is to use them with a large arrangement of flowers.

This idea would be good for many occasions—and not merely at Christmas time.

For Christmas there are countless ways of making the house look attractive. Most of us follow a fairly standard pattern year after year—a tree here, the wreath there, but it is always fun to add a new note.

Last year my small son found a rather battered birdcage on a rubbish heap, which with a coat of paint and some Christmas-tree decorations made an enchanting bit of "non-sense" to hang by the front door.

After painting the cage I found a twig suitable for a bird-perch. I painted it, too, and attached it to the bottom of the cage with a bit of plasticine.

At the decorations counter of a large store I found gay little glass birds and a nest.

These were clipped to the twig, a bow of tinsel ribbon and a few colored balls completed the picture, and for very little I had a decoration which was most effective.

At Easter, although you may not be doing any special entertaining, it is fun to mark the occasion—perhaps with a centre table decoration.

A simple arrangement of fruit and Easter eggs is illustrated.

The eggs are real eggs painted and decorated with sequins.

With a child's watercolors or coloring essence from the kitchen, first paint the eggs (the simpler the design the more effective), then dab a tiny bit of glue wherever you plan to have your sequins, press them on, and allow to dry.

**ROMANTIC** table-setting for an engagement party. The Victorian posies are made with hearts cut from silver paper with a small bunch of real or artificial flowers pushed through a hole in the middle.



**WHAT** could be a more novel welcome to friends visiting at Christmas than a gaily painted cage filled with glass birds at your front door? Directions for making this unusual decoration are given on this page.



**TABLE ARRANGEMENT** for Easter. Not many people bother to decorate specially, but a simple arrangement of fruit and painted eggs would make the house seem much more festive. The eggs are real ones painted and decorated with sequins. Follow the instructions given on this page.



**THE LOVELY GLASS BALLS** the shops sell at Christmas-time need not be put away for the rest of the year. This arrangement of flowers and glass balls would be attractive for any type of party at any time.



# New line in knitted sweater



**KATREN . . . this new tailored middy design has smart patch pockets, a circular ribbed yoke, and the popular three-quarter-length sleeves.**

**Materials:** 11 skeins (1oz.) Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crocheted wool; 1 pr. each No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 1 extra No. 12 knitting needle; 1 No. 11 circular knitting needle; a 9in. zipp fastener.

**Measurements:** To fit 34-35 in. bust—length from back of neck, 25in.; sleeve seam, 13in.

**Tension:** 7½ sts. and 10 rows, 1in.

## BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 134 sts.

1st Row: K 1, (p 2, k 8) to last 3 sts, p 2, k 1.

2nd Row: K 3, (p 8, k 2) to last st, k 1. Rep. these two rows 14 times.

31st Row: K 1, (p 2, k 3,

k 2 tog., k 3) to last 3 sts, p 2, k 1.

32nd Row: K 3, (p 7, k 2) to last st, k 1.

\*Keeping continuity of rib, work for 12 more rows\*.

45th Row: K 1, (p 2, k 3, k 2 tog., k 2) to last 3 sts, p 2, k 1.

46th Row: K 3, (p 6, k 2) to last st, k 1.

Work from \* to \* once.

59th Row: K 1, (p 2, k 2, k 2 tog., k 2) to last 3 sts, p 2, k 1.

60th Row: K 3, (p 5, k 2) to last st, k 1.

Work from \* to \* once.

73rd Row: K 1, (p 2, k 2, k 2 tog., k 1) to last 3 sts, p 2, k 1.

74th Row: K 3, (p 4, k 2) to last st, k 1.

Work from \* to \* once.

87th Row: K 1, (p 2, k 1, knit twice into next st, k 2) to last 3 sts, p 2, k 1.

88th Row: K 3, (p 5, k 2) to last st, k 1.

Work from \* to \* once.

101st Row: K 1, (p 2, k 2, knit twice into next st, k 2) to last 3 sts, p 2, k 1.

102nd Row: K 3, (p 6, k 2) to last st, k 1.

Cont. in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 4th row following until there are 124 sts. on needle, then without further shaping until there are 58 rows in st-st.

Armhole Shaping — 1st

Row: Cast off 3 sts., k 49, turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: Cast off 2 sts., k 41, turn.

5th Row: Cast off 2 sts., k 33, turn.

7th Row: K 2 tog., k 25, turn.

9th Row: K 2 tog., k 19, turn.

11th Row: K 2 tog., k 13, turn.

13th Row: K 10, turn.

15th Row: K 6, turn.

17th Row: K 4, turn.

19th Row: K 2, turn.

20th Row: Purl.

Slip the first 62 sts. on to spare needle and work on rem. sts.

1st and Alt. Rows: Knit.

2nd Row: Cast off 3 sts., purl to last 6 sts., turn.

4th Row: Cast off 2 sts., purl to last 12 sts., turn.

6th Row: Cast off 2 sts., purl to last 18 sts., turn.

8th Row: K 2 tog., purl to last 23 sts., turn.

10th Row: K 2 tog., purl to last 28 sts., turn.

12th Row: K 2 tog., purl to last 32 sts., turn.

14th Row: Purl to last 36 sts., turn.

16th Row: Purl to last 38 sts., turn.

18th Row: Purl to last 40 sts., turn.

19th Row: Knit.

Leave all sts. on holder.

## FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 150 sts.

1st Row: K 1, (k 8, p 2) to last 9 sts., k 9.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 8, k 2) to last 9 sts., p 8, k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows 14 times.

31st Row: K 1, (k 3, k 2 tog., k 3, p 2) to last 9 sts., k 3, k 2 tog., k 4.

32nd Row: K 1, (p 7, k 2) to last 8 sts., p 7, k 1.

\* Work in rib for 12 rows \*.

45th Row: K 1, (k 3, k 2 tog., k 2, p 2) to last 8 sts., k 3, k 2 tog., k 3.

46th Row: K 1, (p 6, k 2) to last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

Work from \* to \* once.

59th Row: K 1, (k 2, k 2 tog., k 2, p 2) to last 7 sts., k 2, k 2 tog., k 3.

60th Row: K 1, (p 5, k 2) to last 6 sts., p 5, k 1.

Work from \* to \* once.

73rd Row: K 1, (k 2, k 2 tog., k 1, p 2) to last 6 sts., k 2, k 2 tog., k 2.

74th Row: K 1, (p 4, k 2) to last 5 sts., p 4, k 1.

Work from \* to \* once.

87th Row: K 1, (k 1, knit twice into next st, k 2, p 2) to last 5 sts., k 1, knit twice into next st., k 3.

88th Row: K 1, (p 5, k 2) to last 6 sts., p 5, k 1.

Work from \* to \* once.

101st Row: K 1, (k 2, knit twice into next st, k 2, p 2) to last 6 sts., k 2, knit twice into next st., k 3.

102nd Row: K 1, (p 6, k 2) to last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

Cont. in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 4th row following until there are 136 sts. on needle, and then without further shaping until 58th row above ribbing is complete.

Armhole Shaping—1st Row: Cast off 4 sts., k 54, turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: Cast off 3 sts., k 45, turn.

5th Row: Cast off 2 sts., k 37, turn.

7th Row: Cast off 2 sts., k 29, turn.

9th Row: K 2 tog., k 22, turn.

11th Row: K 2 tog., k 16, turn.

13th Row: K 13, turn.

15th Row: K 9, turn.

17th Row: K 6, turn.

19th Row: K 4, turn.

21st Row: K 2, turn.

22nd Row: P 2, slip the first 65 sts. on to holder and work on rem. sts., thus:—

1st and Alt. Rows: Knit.

2nd Row: Cast off 4 sts., purl to last 6 sts., turn.

4th Row: Cast off 3 sts., purl to last 12 sts., turn.

6th Row: Cast off 2 sts., purl to last 18 sts., turn.

8th Row: Cast off 2 sts., purl to last 23 sts., turn.

10th Row: K 2 tog., purl to last 28 sts., turn.

12th Row: K 2 tog., purl to last 32 sts., turn.

14th Row: Purl to last 36 sts., turn.

16th Row: Purl to last 39 sts., turn.

18th Row: Purl to last 41 sts., turn.

20th Row: Purl to last 43 sts., turn.

21st Row: Knit, leave all sts. on holder.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 75 sts.

1st Row: K 1, (k 3, p 2) to last 4 sts., k 4.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 3, k 2) to last 4 sts., p 3, k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows 10 times.

23rd Row: K 1, (k 1, knit twice into next st, k 1, p 2) to last 4 sts., k 1, knit twice into next st., k 2.

24th Row: K 1, (p 4, k 2) to last 5 sts., p 4, k 1.

Work in rib for 42 rows.

Cont. in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 10th row following until there are 100 sts. on needle, and then without further shaping until 92nd row above ribbing is complete.

Continued on page 45

# Goodness! THAT GOLD WENT FAST!

**Direct 2-Way Relief Helps**

**Nose, Throat and Chest . . . ALL AT ONE TIME!**



**WHEN YOU** rub Vicks VapoRub on your child's chest, throat and back at bedtime, he gets relief right where the trouble is—in all the places where relief is needed!

**WORKS DIRECT!**



**1. WITH EVERY BREATH,** VapoRub's soothing, medicinal vapours are inhaled—and clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, calm coughing, all at the same time! And—

**2. BABY'S CHEST** feels wonderfully warm and comfortable, too, as VapoRub works through the skin, eases tightness and "draws out" painful congestion right where it hurts.



**THEY LOVE IT!**

**CHILDREN LIKE** being rubbed with VapoRub, they like the quick comfort, the swift double relief. Next morning, often, the worst of Baby's cold is over.

**Just rub on...**





# Flowers from nylon stockings

Clever fingers, fine copper wire, and dye can convert discarded nylon stockings into lovely artificial flowers.

**S**IMPLE and inexpensive to make, these colorful nylon flowers can be worn in the hair, used as trimmings for hats and dresses, or to decorate gift packages.

Here are the materials required and the directions for making.

Old nylon stockings, dye stripper, non-boiling dyes, a piece of copper screen-wiring.

Remove most of the color from the nylons with dye-stripper, then dye the stockings in selected colors. Some should be dyed green for use as leaves. When dry, cut into 1/2 in. to 5 in. squares.

Unravel 8 in. strands of wire from the screen-wiring. Other wiring can be used, but the corrugations from the mesh give a more effective outline

to leaves and flowers than a straight piece of wire.

To make a petal, fold a square of dyed nylon lengthwise over a strand of wire, stretching out the fabric.

Gather the stretched-out fabric at the bottom and fasten by twisting the two ends of wire together, thus forming the shape of the petal. Leave about three inches of wire at one end for the stem, and trim off any excess fabric.

Repeat the process until you have five or more petals, varying them in size if desired. Leaves are made in the same way.

The flower centres can be made from small balls of nylon fabric, or by tying a knot at the end of short lengths of colored crochet cotton and dipping in warm paraffin wax.

When flower centres are set, form a flower by joining four or five petals, a few leaves, and centres together. Tie at base with thin wire. The wire stems can be covered with green binding.

**COLORED** artificial flowers are always an effective hat trim. Women who enjoy making things will be delighted with this inexpensive hobby of making nylon flowers from discarded stockings. See directions on this page.



**PETALS** for the nylon flowers are formed by stretching a square of dyed nylon over a strand of wire. The wire can be bent to any shape of petal you desire.



**FIVE OR MORE PETALS** are assembled with leaves and centres to form a flower. The wire stems can be covered with green bias binding or colored adhesive tape.

## KATREN SWEATER (continued from opp. page)

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. K 2 tog. at beg. of next 6 rows (70 sts.).

**15th Row:** Knit to last 6 sts., turn.

**16th Row:** Purl to last 6 sts., turn.

**17th Row:** Knit to last 12 sts., turn.

**18th Row:** Purl to last 12 sts., turn.

**19th Row:** Knit to last 18 sts., turn.

**20th Row:** Purl to last 18 sts., turn.

Cont. in this way, leaving an extra 6 sts. unworked at each end of every row until 22 sts. remain in centre. Place on holder.

### YOKE

Using No. 11 circular needle, with right side of work facing and commencing at centre back, work across the 52 sts. of back thus: K 4, (p 2, k 6), then, still in p 2, k 6 rib, across the 70 sts. of one sleeve, 110 sts. of front, the

70 sts. of 2nd sleeve, and rem. 52 sts. of back, ending with k 4.

**2nd Row:** K 1, p 3, (k 2, p 6) to last 6 sts., k 2, p 3, k 1.

Keeping continuity of rib, work 14 more rows.

**17th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., k 1, (p 2, k 2, k 2 tog., k 2) to last 6 sts., p 2, k 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

**18th Row:** K 1, p 2, (k 2, p 5) to last 5 sts., k 2, p 2, k 1.

Cont. in rib until 34th row is worked.

**35th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., (p 2, k 2, k 2 tog., k 1) to last 5 sts., p 2, k 2 tog., k 1.

**36th Row:** K 1, p 1, (k 2, p 4) to last 4 sts., k 2, p 1, k 1.

Cont. in rib until 48th row is worked.

**49th Row:** K 2, (p 2, k 1, k 2 tog., k 1) to last 4 sts., p 2, k 2.

**50th Row:** K 1, p 1, (k 2, p 3) to last 4 sts., k 2, p 1, k 1.

Cont. in rib until 60th row is complete.

**61st Row:** K 2 tog., (p 2, k 1, k 2 tog.) to last 4 sts., p 2, k 2 tog.

**62nd Row:** K 1, (k 2, p 2) to last 3 sts., k 3.

**63rd Row:** K 1, (p 2, k 2) to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

**64th Row:** Using No. 12 needle, rib 88 sts., using second No. 12 needle, rib rem. 88 sts.

Work on last group of 88 sts. with No. 12 needle thus:—

**65th Row:** Rib to last 8 sts., turn.

**66th Row:** Rib to end.

**67th Row:** Rib to last 16 sts., turn.

**68th Row:** Rib to end.

Cont. in this manner, working 8 sts. less in every row until 8 sts. rem.; then work the other side to correspond.

Place all the stitches on one needle and work 6 rows in rib.

**Next Row:** K 1, (p 2 tog., k 2 tog.) to last 3 sts., p 2 tog., k 1.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows. Cast off in rib.

### POCKETS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 72 sts.

**1st Row:** K 1, p 1, (k 8, p 2) to last 10 sts., k 8, p 1, k 1.

**2nd Row:** K 2, (p 8, k 2) to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows until 65th row is complete. Cast off in rib.

### POCKET TOPS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at beg. of every row until there are 17 sts. on needle, purl 1 row. Still working in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of all knit rows and inc. 1 st. at beginning of all purl rows until 71st row from cast-on is complete. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 3 sts. rem. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seam and set in sleeves. Fold pocket tops in half lengthwise and stitch to top of pockets. Sew pockets into position, leaving the centre 3 rib free and joining bottom of pocket to bottom of garment.

Sew zipp into back opening. Press carefully, avoiding neck ribbing.

You'll love the smooth good looks of

# HILTON

*Waltz Dream*  
**NYLONS**  
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*Nyloseal*—adds to Nylons... a lovely misty dullness \*

... makes your legs look smooth, slim and lovely.

*Nyloseal*—adds to Nylons... extra elasticity...

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*Nyloseal*—adds to Nylons... much greater snag

protection... with *Nyloseal* you have less

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And remember **ONLY HILTON** Nylons have this wonderful *Nyloseal*.



Remember **HILTON** Socks for Juniors are the same high standard of quality as the famous **HILTON** Stockings.

\**Nyloseal* makes **HILTON** the nylons with a difference!



# Don't let your hands say 'Housework'



..use Softasilk  
after every  
household task!

Hard-working you! Of course your hands are in-and-out of hot water all day long, washing the dishes, sweeping and dusting, busy at tasks that roughen and chap them.

But, when evening comes, you don't want to be in social hot water, do you? So . . . heaven-sent Softasilk — as fragrant as flowers — is for you, for every woman who longs for lovely hands. Softasilk is rich in silken oils that soothe and soften.

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Keep a Tube — In Your Bedroom —  
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SMALL — LARGE  
GIANT ECONOMY



IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

**SOFTASILK**  
Hand Beauty Cream

## Cinderella from Cedar Rapids

Continued from page 9

**M**R. COSTELLO looked away suddenly and sighed. "Pardon me, here comes my fiancée. If she draws a gun and starts shooting me, don't stop her. She's the star of my new flop."

Tom watched a proud-looking, fur-coated woman approach. A prize-winner, he thought—sleek, long-legged, bold-eyed.

"Hello, my poor, bruised darling," Mr. Costello said. "If you say the word I'll horse-whip the entire afternoon Press."

"You promised me not to," the prize-winner said in a vibrant voice. "I'm not going to have dinner with a jabbering drunk—to-night of all nights!"

"A false picture of me," Mr. Costello said. "I am appallingly sober. And I adore you—in defeat as well as victory." "Oh, shut up and come on."

"One moment," Mr. Costello beamed at her. "I have a new friend whose name is unknown to me. Unless it's Santa Claus."

"It's Tom Anderson," his host said.

"Miss Katie Gaffney, Mr. Anderson," said Mr. Costello. "Miss Gaffney is the most promising actress on the American stage. Or was, until I blighted her career."

"That would be kind of impossible," Tom Anderson said, "from all I've heard. My wife used to write me about you."

"Mercy on all actresses," said Miss Gaffney. "I'm starving, Patrick. Can we go hide some place while we eat?"

"I'd like to take you to dinner," Tom said. "The bellboy told me about a place his uncle runs. It's in a basement."

"Sounds ideal," said Mr. Costello.

"Thanks," Miss Gaffney said, "but we've got to eat with Alfred to-night. He's our bombed-out producer."

"Alfred Haas—I sort of know about him," Tom Anderson said. "He's quite a genius."

"Mr. Haas is not a genius," said Mr. Costello. "He is a tarantula and a thief. I am not dining with him."

"We've got to," Miss Gaffney said. "Please, Patrick. I despise him worse than you do. But I promised to call him. He's alone with that dead-faced dancer of his—"

"We can take him along," Tom said, and they started walking towards the hotel lobby.

An arrogant woman in a startling hat with pink feathers greeted them.

"Hello," she said in a throaty voice. "Sorry about your play. I'm sure those foul critics did you wrong. They always do. They loathe the theatre."

"Into each life some manure must fall," Mr. Costello said judiciously.

"Darling," said Miss Gaffney, "we're crawling off to some cellar to eat. Do come along. Mr. Anderson is taking us. Magda Morris, Mr. Anderson."

Tom Anderson looked at the famous tragedienne and was surprised to see that she was not actually beautiful. She had a large nose, a tight, thin mouth, and burned-out eyes. But, beautiful or not, she was a prize-winner, and Tom said softly, "My wife and I would

be thrilled to have you as our guest, Miss Morris."

"Who's Mr. Anderson?" Magda Morris inquired coldly. "He's married to a friend of mine," said Mr. Costello, "and has deflected me temporarily from suicide."

"I think you know my wife," Tom smiled. "She used to be Emily Hobbs."

"Darling, I never remember names," The arrogant Miss Morris suddenly thawed and offered Tom Anderson a tender, girlish smile. "But I'd love to dine with you."

"I'll phone Emily," Tom said, and stepped to the shell of house telephones.

Emily Anderson listened nervously to her husband's voice. He seemed oddly excited about taking her to dinner in some basement café. It was their last night in New York and it would be mean not to humor him.

Fixing her face quickly, she looked at the two trunks, already packed and waiting to return her unused finery to the farm bedroom. She sighed heavily. It would be their last night in more than one sense. She had decided that tomorrow on the plane she would tell Tom the whole story of her fraud.

In the elevator going down to meet him, she thought suddenly: He did sound odd. Maybe he's found it all out and wants to tell me. The thought made her feel sick. But he couldn't find anything out. He'd been tied up with business for the four days.

**E**MILY entered the lobby, looked around, saw Tom, and turned white. The dreaded thing had happened. They were there. Three of her major lies were standing talking to Tom—the famous Patrick Costello, the famous Magda Morris, and the famous Miss Gaffney.

Emily remembered phrases from her babbling, damning letters: Patrick is the wisest man I've ever met and he insists I must be in his next play. Magda told me the queer, bitter story of her life. She still loves her first husband, Alfred Haas, the genius producer. And I can understand that, because Alfred is really wonderful.

"Emily," Tom called, "here we are."

He came to meet her, beaming. He hadn't found out yet! Well, he would find out in a minute. Emily's head went up and she walked as proudly as she could towards the ugliest moment of her life.

Mr. Costello held out a hand. "The long-lost Emily! How are you?"

"Darling," said the throaty Magda Morris, "so good to see you again. I'm mad about your husband."

"Hello," said the glamorous Gaffney. "I just learned you've been buried in Iowa. Lucky girl!"

The four years of acting training that she had never used sustained Emily Anderson during the incredible four minutes that followed. Almost unable to stand—and with all thought blown out of her head—she stood and smiled and chattered; laughed, stepped into the crowded taxi; received and returned flatteries, and

was Emily Hobbs, crouching of the theatre great. She knew, dizzily, what had happened, as they sped through the streets. It was Tom.

He had met these celebrities by accident and talked of her. His honesty had convinced them they had known her, for how could they remember all the little Emilys they had known—these gods that sat atop the Broadway Olympus and knew everybody?

The cab stopped in a dark, empty street. Tom led the way down a flight of dark steps. A dimly lit door was lettered "Gino's Cafe."

And the miracle continued in Gino's Cafe. There were a half-dozen round tables, a smell of fresh bread and onion soup and wet sidewalk, and no other diners. Gino welcomed Tom to his bosom because Tom knew a mysterious character named Nicholas Perricino.

Then, almost immediately, there were two more arrivals—the gaunt, glittering-eyed Alfred Haas, who looked like an unshaven hypnotist; and a voluptuous blonde who seemed to be under his spell.

Magda Morris greeted Mr. Haas as he entered with a strangled cry: "Oh, no! Chinese torture! Go 'way!"

Mr. Haas purred and sat down between Magda and Emily. He took Magda's hand, kissed it, and said tenderly: "Always my favorite window-jumper."

Mr. Costello raised a glass of red wine and snarled: "Critics' blood! Drink it down!"

Plates of steaming onion soup appeared and the talk grew loud. Everybody made love and paid compliments and seemed at the same time to be full of rage and malice.

Magda Morris, sitting next to Tom, took his face between her hands and cried out that he looked like a Greek god, and then added loudly that she had wasted her whole life on men with dried-up, moth-eaten faces like Alfred Haas.

Mr. Costello kissed Miss Gaffney and told everyone that if his wife refused to divorce him he was going to poison her. "But it may not be necessary," said Mr. Costello. "She married me for my Press notices. Now that I am a pariah shunned by headwaters and with my name in the Broadway dust, she may rush angrily to the courts to be rid of me."

Then Emily became aware, during a discussion of why dramatic critics were without souls, that Mr. Haas was talking to her—that, in an odd way, he was making love to her, purring and excitedly, as if he were in the grip of a great emotion. He had always remembered her face—for a field flower—and her sweet, wonderful voice. She must never leave New York again; there were too few human beings in it—hardly more than a handful.

"My life is empty," Mr. Haas said, glaring at the voluptuous blonde who was eating nothing and saving nothing. "I am surrounded by zombies. And idiots!" His glare turned to Mr. Costello and Miss Gaffney. "Why, what it would be to have one human being beside me whose soul wasn't rotting away with Theatre!"

Please turn to page 51



\* Fashion Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., (Glimco, Sydney postal address Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

# Fashion PATTERNS

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

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F6739.—Maternity suit designed with a boxy jacket and skirt styled with waist expansion. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

251

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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The handkerchiefs are clearly traced ready to embroider in fine Irish linen, obtainable in white, blue, lemon, green, and pink. Size 11in. x 11in. Price, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra.



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The apron is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes blue, red, and aqua, printed on a white ground. Size, medium. Price, 10/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

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# Sweets to REMEMBER

• Here are sweets for special - occasion meals. Whether for a family celebration or for a gathering of guests, the recipes suggested will be a happy choice in keeping with the occasion.



• Pineapple cream gâteau is a rich, delicious sweet you will enjoy making. It serves about 8 people. If desired, apricots, peaches, or tinned loganberries, raspberries, or cherries may be substituted for the pineapple.

## BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

SOME of these recipes call for expensive ingredients—but on special occasions a little extra expense is justified.

Two of the dishes, honey butterscotch apples and orange cake custard, are made from lower-priced ingredients and may be included to add interest and variety to everyday family meals.

All spoon measurements are level.

### PINEAPPLE CREAM GATEAU

One quantity choux pastry (recipe below), whipped cream or mock cream, chocolate warm icing, 1½ cups thick custard, 1 dessertspoon butter, crushed or grated pineapple, cherries, almonds, and crystallised pineapple pieces to decorate (last three ingredients may be omitted).

Spread a thin layer of choux pastry in bottom of greased sandwich-tin or flan-ring. Make balance into balls on greased tray. Bake both in hot oven approximately ½ hour, decreasing heat gradually. Do not open oven door for first 15 minutes. Allow both to cool, split puffs open and remove any soft centre. Treat portion cooked in sandwich-tin in same way. Add butter to custard while still warm, allow to become quite cold. Sandwich flat portion of pastry with 1-3rd of custard, place on serving-dish. Spread balance of custard on top. Arrange cream-filled puffs around edge, pressing lightly

into custard. Pile pineapple on top of custard, decorate with cherries, almonds, and crystallised pineapple. Trickle chocolate icing over puffs, allow to set. This sweet is best assembled just before serving.

### CHOUX PASTRY

Two ounces butter or substitute, ½ pint water, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 3 large eggs.

Bring butter and water to boiling point. Remove from heat, stir in sifted flour and salt all at once, beat until smooth with a wooden spoon. Stir over heat until mixture forms a ball and leaves sides of saucepan. Turn into basin, allow to become cold. Gradually work in beaten eggs, beat until smooth. Use as directed.

### HONEY BUTTERSCOTCH APPLES

Three tablespoons honey, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, icing sugar, 2 medium green apples.

Place half the honey in bottom of ovenware dish with half the butter. Melt and mix well. Peel and core apples, slice thinly into dish on top of honey-butter mixture. Cream balance of butter and honey with sugar and lemon rind, add beaten egg. Fold in sifted flour and salt and milk. Spread over apples in dish. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. May be turned out and served as an upside-down pudding or dusted with sifted icing sugar and served from the dish in which it is cooked.

### BABA AU RHUM

Two cups plain flour, 1 cake yeast (1oz.), 4 tablespoons warm milk, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1-3rd cup melted butter, pinch salt, ½ lb. loaf sugar or crystal sugar, ½ cup water, 1-3rd cup rum (or less according to taste).

Sift flour 2 or 3 times into medium-sized bowl. Make a well in centre. Crumble yeast and soften in the warm milk. Pour into well in flour, mix a little flour into it from the sides. Stand 5 minutes in a warm place. Mix well, adding beaten eggs. Knead 5 minutes, return to bowl, cover and stand 1 hour in warm place. Add sugar, butter, and salt. Mix thoroughly, knead 5 minutes on lightly floured board

until dough is smooth and satiny. Place in greased ring-tin, filling not more than half full. Cover, stand in a warm place, and allow to rise almost to top of tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Invert on to cake-cooler. Combine the ½ lb. sugar with the water and cook gently until sugar is dissolved. When cool, add rum and trickle evenly and slowly over cooled ring-cake.

### CHARLOTTE RUSSE

One packet strawberry jelly dissolved according to directions, a few sliced crystallised cherries or pieces of cooked pineapple, 6 or 8 fingers of stale sponge or butter cake or wafer cream biscuits, ½ pint cream or substitute, 1½ teaspoons gelatine,

½ teaspoon vanilla, pinch grated lemon rind, 3 dessertspoons hot water.

Set a very thin layer of jelly in base of wetted mould—one with straight sides for preference. Arrange a pattern of cherries or pineapple pieces, place cake fingers or wafer biscuits around sides. Add a little more jelly, sufficient to secure fruit and fingers when set. Chill until firm. Halve balance of jelly, set one portion in small sandwich-tin. Whip other portion until beginning to thicken. Fold in lightly whipped cream, gelatine dissolved in hot water, vanilla, and grated lemon rind. Fill into mould, chill until set. Unmould, decorate with chopped jelly, using the portion set in the sandwich-tin. For decorative effect, a narrow red ribbon is often tied around the centre of the unmoulded sweet.

### Basic recipe No. 6

## KITCHEN CUT-OUTS . . .

THIS is the sixth of the basic recipes which we are publishing each week in response to numerous requests. Cut them out as they appear and paste them in your cookery book for easy reference.

### STIRRED CUSTARD

This is frequently called boiled custard, but, since the mixture must not be allowed to boil, stirred custard is a more fitting title.

One pint fresh milk, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, flavoring.

Heat the milk, sugar, and flavoring. When sugar is dissolved and milk hot, but not boiling, pour on to well-beaten eggs. Return to saucepan and cook over low heat or in a double saucepan, stirring continuously until mixture coats a silver

spoon. Do not allow to boil; if the custard boils it will curdle.

### Variations

Economical stirred custard: Use 2 eggs and 1 tablespoon cornflour to each pint of milk. Blend the cornflour with a little cold milk and add to the heated milk and sugar. Bring to boil, stirring continuously; simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Allow to cool, add well-beaten eggs, and stir over very low heat, without allowing to boil, for 2 minutes.

Suggested flavorings for stirred custard: Essences such as vanilla, almond, lemon, peppermint. These should be added after custard has cooked and cooled. Grated orange or lemon rind or a peach leaf (which is removed before custard is cooked) should be heated with the milk. Chocolate may be melted in the custard, or coffee essence added.

### ORANGE CAKE CUSTARD

Three cups sponge or butter cake cubes, 1-3rd cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sherry, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup milk, 3 or 4 crumbled coconut macaroons, extra ½ cup sugar for meringue, grated rind of ½ orange.

Divide cake cubes between 5 individual-size ovenware dishes. Sprinkle with orange juice mixed with lemon juice and sherry. Allow to stand while preparing custard. Stir egg-yolks, sugar, and milk over boiling water until slightly thickened. Pour over crushed macaroons which have been sprinkled over cake. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with extra sugar, fold in orange rind. Pile on top of each individual dish. Set and brown meringue lightly in very moderate oven. Serve hot or cold.



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## Prize recipes



**SAVORY ROLLY-POLLY** is a satisfying cold-weather dish. Spread 8oz. suet crust pastry with 2 cups savory mince mixture. Roll up, tie in a floured cloth, and boil 1½ to 2 hours. Serve hot.

A delicious date and walnut cake, a savory rice and sausage dish, and two easy hot sweets win prizes for readers in this week's contest.

**CHOPPED** dates, softened by soaking, are beaten to a pulp which gives a smooth, even color and flavor to the Canadian date cake which wins this week's main prize of £5.

The three recipes which win consolation prizes are easy to prepare and good to eat.

All spoon measurements are level.

#### CANADIAN DATE CAKE.

Half-cup chopped dates, ½ cup water, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ¼ cup butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 or 2oz. chopped walnuts, 1 cup self-raising flour, salt.

Soak dates in water with bicarbonate soda a few hours before commencing to mix. Cream butter and sugar, add egg, and mix well. Beat soaked dates to a pulp, add to creamed mixture with walnuts. Lastly, fold in sifted flour and salt. Turn into greased ring-tin (large size), bake approximately 40 minutes in moderate oven. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning on to a cake-cooler. When cold, cover with caramel icing.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. Woodward, 38 Cecil St., Denistone East, N.S.W.

#### MARSHMALLOW NUT APPLES

Four apples, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, marshmallows, walnuts.

Wash and dry apples, remove cores. Carefully peel about 1in. down from top of each apple. Combine brown sugar, cinnamon, softened butter or substitute, and raisins. Pack into core cavity of apples. Stand apples on rack in bottom of large saucepan. Add about 1in. depth of water, cover, and steam approximately 50 minutes. Place a marshmallow on top of each apple, slide under grill until marshmallow is barely melted. Top with walnuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

#### SAVORY RICE

One dessertspoon butter, 1 cup rice, 1 onion, 1 pint stock, ½lb. sausages, few drops orange

essence (may be omitted if desired), salt, pepper, grated cheese, parsley.

Heat butter without browning, add sliced onion, and cook until soft and yellow but not brown. Add rice and cook a few minutes longer. Stir in stock, partly cover saucepan, and cook gently until rice is tender. Season with orange essence, salt, and pepper. Chop freshly grilled or fried sausages into small pieces, add to the rice. Serve hot, topped with cheese and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss H. Stone, 13 Thongsbridge St., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

#### BAKED FRUIT ROLL

Six ounces shortcrust pastry (or use pastry-mix), 1 grated apple, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ cup sultanas, ½ cup raisins, 2 tablespoons chopped peel (or 1½ cups mixed fruit), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon golden syrup.

Roll pastry to oblong shape ½in. thick. Combine filling ingredients, spread over pastry. Glaze edges, roll up, starting to roll along longest side. Pinch ends together, place in greased ovenware dish. Prepare a syrup by dissolving ½ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons shortening in 1½ cups boiling water. Pour over roll. Bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. Serve with custard.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. G. Kirk, Oval Ave., Woodlands Park, S.A.

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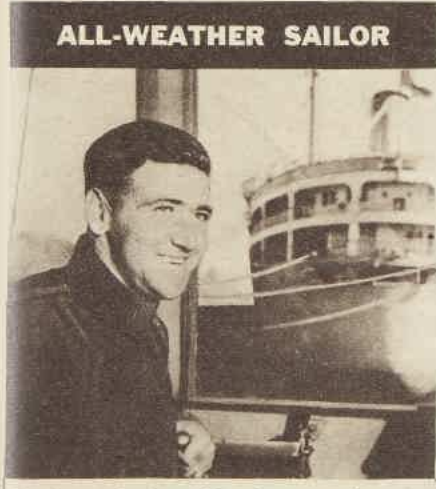
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# Cinderella from Cedar Rapids

Continued from page 46

THEN Emily answered in a rippling, sophisticated voice, as if she were a veteran of such tete-a-tetes. "My soul is full of cows and pigs and chickens — and Tom Anderson — Mr. Haas. But if you ever come to Iowa I'm sure you'll find some strapping, corn-fed girl to adore you."

"That's right," Tom Anderson chuckled, as he patted Magda Morris' hand. "We've got a lot of Greek gods out there, all crazy to meet some girl who can wash dishes and make sour mash."

"I am always here," Gino gurgled as they started leaving. "I am always happy to see you. You will come again? Call Gino up. He will cook food for you like for kings and queens."

They crowded into Mr. Haas' car and were driven to the theatre, where "How Red Were the Roses" was to be performed for the second and last time. Mr. Haas led them all into Miss Gaffney's dressing-room to drink and make merry while the ship went down.

Emily, friend and genius and confidante of fame, sat in a Broadway star's dressing-room and listened to the faint outcries from the stage beyond; heard muted laughter and applause (all too muted); played a game of How to Avoid Mr. Haas' Thin, Eager Hands; watched Miss Gaffney change costumes, and Mr. Costello get drunker and drunker but somehow remain not drunk at all; and kept her eye on Magda Morris.

How bright they were in defeat — all of them. Emily could feel the pain in their hearts as if she had always known this glamorous, dusty backstage battleground.

The curtain was finally down forever on "How Red

Were the Roses," and actors milled in and out of Miss Gaffney's dressing-room, kissing and congratulating one another.

They wrung Mr. Costello's hand and told him they would never forget how beautiful and thrilling his play had been and that it would be revived sometime and all the stupid critics would have to eat their words.

Emily Anderson was not surprised by the politeness and gallantry, for this was the way she had imagined it would be. When Tom squeezed her hand and whispered to her, "Wonderful people," she answered happily, "Yes, they haven't changed a bit."

Mr. Haas' car, more crowded than when it had left Gino's, crept through the jammed streets to the first stop in Emily's night of wonders: the Stork Club. Mr. Haas led the way through masses of celebrities to his favorite table, and Emily saw the world she had dreamed and read about but had never lived in.

She sat now, drinking champagne and smiling back at the greetings of people she had never met.

**S**ITTING there, Emily recognised all the newspaper and magazine photographs of her rooming-house days and thought dreamily: Gracious, they haven't changed a bit.

"Why the heck have we come here?" Miss Gaffney demanded.

Tom, beside her, answered softly, "Emily used to write me about it. It's just as exciting as she described."

"Face to face with death and with the Roman populace!" Mr. Costello roared. "We've come here, my darling, to let them boo at the fallen gladiators. It's an old Broadway tradition — of spreading cheer in the emperor's box."

Dizzied by the wine and the roar of talk around her, Emily, unbelievably, heard a voice suddenly cry her name. A plump man with an overheated face came towards her.

"Emily Hobbs!" the man beamed. "What do you know! Don't tell me you've forgotten me! Charlie Bloom, your agent. Back to New York again, eh? I knew you'd never stay in the sticks."

He turned and added, in a suddenly deferential voice, "How do you do, Mr. Haas? I'm glad to see you've discovered another great actress."

"You represent her?" Mr. Haas asked softly.

"Yes, sir!" Mr. Bloom answered emphatically. "Have her at my office tomorrow at noon." Mr. Haas said, "I want her to read something for me."

Emily stood up. "Would you forgive me if I left now?" she said. "Please, don't get up, anybody. I've had a lovely evening."

Tom stood beside her as she shook hands around the table, smiling radiantly at each of the faces. Music started playing in another part of the restaurant, and Emily Anderson tried to keep the tears out of her eyes as the curtain came down on her first and last appearance in the world of her rooming-house dreams.

The morning was bright and cold as the taxi drove to the

airport. Too sleepy to talk, Emily sat with her head on her husband's shoulder and smiled at her last night in New York. Then she smiled at the bright, cold morning. More remarkable than all the things that had happened during that night was the happening of this morning.

The agony of being a liar and a fraud had left her. She had no impulse to confess, and it seemed that, actually, there was nothing to confess. Her "past" appeared completely to have vanished.

She wondered why this was, and a happy but confusing answer came to her. Her day-dreams in the lonely New York rooming-house seemed suddenly as much a part of the theatre as the reality she had finally met last night. She had been part of the ache and failure of Broadway as much as Mr. Costello and Miss Gaffney and the purring Mr. Haas.

And she had lived in the never-fading illusion of success, just as they did when the curtain came down on their defeat last night. People like her, who dreamed and got nowhere, were as much a part of the theatre as Miss Gaffney and Magda Morris.

Besides, Emily thought, with her eyes peacefully closed, I don't feel guilty any more, because the lies I told won't ever make Tom feel that I'm more important than he is and that I belong to some more wonderful world than his. Because now he's met all my old friends and seen my old world and he knows them as well as I do.

She laughed suddenly, and Tom said, "What's the joke?" They were out of the taxi and hurrying towards the waiting plane. "Nothing, except I was remembering how wonderful you were last night," Emily said, "and how worried I was about that Magda Morris making off with you to some Grecian cave."

"I still can't understand," Tom said, "how you can pass all that up and come back to Iowa. That fellow Haas would have given you a starring part. I could tell by the way he talked."

"So could I," Emily said, smiling, "by the way he talked — and pinched."

They got on the plane and took their seats.

"We both made kind of a hit, I thought," Tom Anderson said. "They're very exciting people and I'm glad we saw them together. Now I don't have to worry ever about who they were or what they were."

"I'm glad we saw them, too," Emily said, "because it was like — like sharing my past with you."

A uniformed messenger appeared in the plane's doorway, carrying a long flower box. "Miss Emily Hobbs?" he said.

"Right here," Tom Anderson said.

The messenger left, the plane door closed, and the engines started. Tom opened the box. It was full of red roses. A piece of paper was pinned to the long stems. Emily removed it and saw that it was a torn page from a theatre programme announcing the play title in large letters: "How Red Were the Roses."

Under the title were scribbled the words: "They last longer in Iowa — Katie and Patrick."

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WITH dangerous self-control I said, "If you had a grain of understanding you'd know that I have to get a meal now and I'm not a born cook."

"Aren't you going to feed your child?" said Rick in horror. "Look, let's give her the roughage first and then the meat. The reward method." He took the pot of grass and poked it under Tagoo's suspicious nose. With the air of a connoisseur approaching a brandy snifter she made an olfactory appraisal of each blade of grass. Then she sat back on her haunches and eyed us with cool contempt.

"The wrong vintage," muttered Rick. He broke off a spear and tickled her shiny black nose with it. "Come on, Tagoo, eat your spinach." "Do you suppose she's below par?" I queried.

"Oh, she's up to scratch, all right," said Rick. At that moment the bell pealed sharply, Tagoo made a frenzied leap to the top of the bookshelves, and with murder in my heart I stumbled to the door and led in Doug.

Clad in blue gabardine trousers and white linen coat he caused Rick to look, only too literally, like something the cat dragged in. I introduced them, conveying four chapters of Emily Post in my stare at Rick. He refused to catch my eye.

All at once Tagoo conceived the idea of inserting herself in a vase on the ostrich principle. The vase shattered to the floor and Doug looked up, startled.

"What's that thing?" he gasped.

"It's all yours," I said lamely. It was very anticlimactic. There I was with my nose practically bare, my ringlets unfurled, and my best pinafore still in the closet. I deter-

## Out On A Limb

*Continued from page 4*

mined never to speak to Rick again.

"She doesn't seem to take to you," Rick was saying agreeably. "But she took to me right away. Animals just love me."

"They like me, too," Doug said stiffly.

I stepped on a chair and dragged the resisting cat down. "Happy birthday, Doug," I said, placing Tagoo on Doug's jacket, where she clung like an uprooted bramble bush.

Doug patted her nervously. "Well, well. Birthday present, huh? Nice kitty. Nice kitty."

"I've just been reading up on Persian cats," put in Rick. "It seems they get lonely by themselves all day and are likely to cry. I suggest that you get another cat as a playmate for her. Or better still, give up your job and stay home."

Doug essayed a laugh, but I could see he was not amused.

I drew myself up to my most commanding height. "I'm awfully sorry," I told Rick. "If I'd had any idea you were coming..."

"Yes. Yes. Quite so. Must be running along," Rick laid his finger briefly on Tagoo's bristling head and looked at Doug. "Take good care of her, my boy. She's all I have."

"Good night," I said, slamming the door on him.

I relieved Doug of Tagoo, and then fled to the kitchen. Naturally I had not yet completed my shopping, and there was little in addition to the potato salad and birthday cake.

By the time the festive fare was done with, Doug and Tagoo had achieved a basis for diplomatic conversations and we all converged on Doug's apartment. Tagoo forthwith made a survey, I set up light housekeeping for her in the bathroom, and Doug stood by with masculine helplessness.

"Shall we put her to bed now?" he asked with a curious undertone of eagerness.

I assented. We found Tagoo curled up in the centre of Doug's pillow, from which she violently objected to being dislodged. I finally ensnared her and banged the bathroom door on her with some relief.

Amazingly, it was twelve thirty, and I felt tired. I was glad to get back to my own flat and to fall upon my bed and dream of all the evenings to come when my assistance with Tagoo's unbringing would be indispensable.

It must have been no later than dawn when a commotion in the hall aroused me. I would have rolled over, because commotions are no novelty in our building, had I not heard a plaintive "orrow." My heart gave a nasty lurch and I piled from bed, swathed myself in a dignity robe, and raced for the door. An inner voice suggested caution, so I applied my eye to the keyhole.

An interesting sight met my eye. Standing in the hall was the night liftman, Bart; a tousled, pyjama-clad, middle-aged man named MacDuff; and his equally tousled next-door neighbor, Doug.

"You can imagine the shock," MacDuff huffed. "Mrs. MacDuff has a weak heart, you know, and to wake up to see those gleaming eyes, to feel that hot breath on her cheek..."

I noticed then that Bart had a stranglehold on poor little Tagoo. He held her out to Doug. "It's your baby," he said.

"It won't happen again," Doug said with a dignity I admired.

"I should hope not," puffed

MacDuff. "Fortunately, we're going away for a few days. We'll need to, to recuperate." He slammed into his flat, Doug pushed open his door and Tagoo shot through like an arrow.

I extended my head cautiously. "What happened?"

Doug's expression was pained. "I thought she was in the bathroom. But I must have left the door open for cross-ventilation through force of habit. She walked out the bedroom window, along the ledge, and into the MacDuffs' flat."

"Is that all?" I said. "I guess you'll have to get the caretaker to put up some screens."

"Guess I'll have to... uh-un-uh!" He sneezed violently.

"Catch cold?" I asked with touching concern.

"Just a chill, I think. Well..." We both became conscious of our sketchy habits and shrank back into our respective shells.

I put in that day at the office testing new shades of nail polish and writing a scintillating article on matching them to one's moods.

Nightfall found me once more in my flat awaiting a summons from across the hall. None came. Neither did the telephone ring nor any other diversion present itself. Even Rick refrained from bothering me. When I could stand the suspense no longer, I tripped over and knocked on Doug's door.

After some time he opened it and stood glaring at me with watery, bloodshot eyes. I conquered the disloyal thought that he didn't look as glamorous as usual. "How are the father and child?" I inquired.

"The worried," said Doug. "The got a bad code."

*Please turn to page 53*

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I HASTENED to escape feminine sympathy. "Can I do anything for you? Pinch your throat? Squirt drops up your nose? Squeeze some orange?"

"Doe thag you. I be going to bed."

"Do that, and I hope you feel like a million in the morning."

"Taggu," said Doug mournfully.

Rather disappointed at the prospect of a bleak evening, I decided to go to bed early myself as an innovation. It turned out to be a wise decision. The next morning I was awakened at an unseemly hour this time by a pounding on my door.

Taking a few minutes to fix my face, I skipped over and opened up. Doug, clean-shaven and fully dressed, was standing without. He looked healthier than he had last night, but his eyes wore a haunted expression.

"She's gone again," he announced.

"You didn't get the screens up?"

"No," he said. "And I knew

## Out On A Limb

Continued from page 52

when she tried to get in bed with me last night that I should have put her in the bathroom, but I was too darn sleepy. Besides, she cries so when she's shot up."

"I'll be right with you," I said. "Give me a moment to dress."

By the time I had taken a shower and got into a dress it was a quarter to eight. I entered Doug's apartment, where he was pacing the pattern of the rug. He led me to the bedroom and I leaned out the window, steeling myself to see a pathetic blob of grey on the sidewalk eight floors below. There was the usual activity of a city gearing itself for the day's work, but no Tagoo.

"She must be somewhere on the ledge," I pondered, craning my neck.

"All this time?" disagreed Doug. "The MacDuffs' windows are closed. Why didn't she turn around and walk back?"

Not being a cat psychologist I couldn't answer that one. Some ornamental pillars blocked my vision, and having

a fear of heights I hesitated to lean any farther out the window, so I called softly, "Tagoo!" Workmen digging in the street drowned out my voice.

"Tagoo!" I shouted.

"Gutrow!" she replied in a definitely accusing tone.

"There she is!" I said triumphantly.

"Fine," Doug displayed satisfaction. "I suppose she'll come back when she's hungry."

"Well... yes," I said doubtfully. Tagoo's appetite to date had not been robust.

Doug consulted his watch. "Gosh, I've got to run along."

"Me, too," I chimed.

"Are you going off and leaving her out on the ledge?" His tone intimated that I was derelict in my duty.

"I've got a job, too," I said meekly.

This failed to impress him. "Tell you what, the service people can let you into the MacDuffs' apartment, you can open the window and get Tagoo. You'll probably be at work before I am." He caught up his hat and turned to deliver a particularly winning smile. "That's a good girl."

His buttery voice rendered me as porous as an English muffin. "Okay," I said. "And, by the way, how's your cold?"

"Better. It's a funny cold, comes and goes. Well, see you to-night."

With those welcome words he departed, and I went back to the window to see if I couldn't cajole Tagoo into returning before I threw myself on the mercy of others.

Tagoo was definitely vocal, but she showed no inclination to return the way she had come. What had been an adventure at night had become something quite different, she reasoned, as pickaxes rang, trucks roared, and horns

tooted. Doug had extricated himself neatly, I thought with a tinge of bitterness.

I had reached no brilliant conclusion when the doorbell rang. I admitted the daytime lift-driver, Jack. "There's a cat out on the ledge," he enlightened me.

"Not really," I murmured.

"The people upstairs say it's cruel to leave it there."

I explained that Tagoo thought the ledge was a one-way street, but that with his co-operation we might secure her from the MacDuffs' window. I put on my most winsome smile, as "co-operative" in our building means only that the tenants should co-operate with the management, and not vice versa.

As I feared, Jack looked doubtful. "The MacDuffs are away."

Personally, I considered this a blessing. "But you have the keys, haven't you?"

"I'll send up the handyman," He vanished.

Now we were getting somewhere. I glanced at my wrist-watch. Nine-thirty already. Well, if I was taking a day off I might as well enjoy it, I told myself. I went out to buy some cinnamon buns for my breakfast. I also bought some lean beef and a codfish steak. But if I had hoped to find Tagoo in the flat on my return I must have over-estimated the enduring effect of my Christmas tips.

"The MacDuffs got their own lock on that door," the handyman informed me at the main entrance. "And we can't find no key to open it."

"I've had six calls from the building across the street," the telephone girl accused me. "They're driving me crazy."

"Some fellow's going to send for a dog-catcher," Jack volunteered happily.

## The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

FOUR - YEAR - OLD Jimmy and his friend from next door had been having a fine time together, but now they both decided that they wanted to ride the tricycle. There was only one, so it looked as though a good fight was brewing.



Settling a fight.

Jimmy's mother stepped out into the yard. Quietly she talked things over with the two boys. In a few minutes, at her suggestion, they were taking turns riding the trike, pulling each other in the wagon she had helped them tie on behind.

The neighbors often wondered why it was that Jimmy seemed to be able to get along with other youngsters so much better than the average four-year-old. The answer was simple. Jimmy's mother took time to coach him.

She didn't merely step in

and settle things. She helped youngsters find satisfactory ways of settling their own problems, and before long Jimmy himself began to learn to work out things in the same fashion as his mother.

There is no reason why all grown-ups shouldn't be of help in this way. Youngsters need guidance in working out their problems. The only danger is that we "take over" rather than help them work out things for themselves.

police cars and fire-engines momentarily. Lurching through the flat once again, I opened the door to the caretaker and a man in uniform.

An ugly gleam glittered in the caretaker's eye. "Here's the lady who owns the cat."

"Well, not exactly," I said, wondering which were the ten best books to take to gaol.

The caretaker explained coldly that his companion represented the Society for the Rescue of Cats in Distress, and the rescuer explained that our strategy should be to persuade Tagoo to return along the ledge. In "my overpowering relief at this reprieve, I accepted his verdict."

Please turn to page 55



"Three nice pork chops and I'm warning you my wife will be up and around to-morrow."

## After 25 - Beware of Dry Skin



**First on your Cheeks**—dryness is often noticed; flaky "dry-skin" patches can spoil make-up.

**To Correct**—Work into your cheeks nightly plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream, from chin-line up in front of ears.



**Under your Lower Lip**—little dry "puckers," tighten, make your mouth look "set" and older.

**To Relax**—Always at bedtime smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream in well from the centre of your lip out and up to each corner.



**Between your Eyebrows**—tiny, dry lines etch in.

**To Smooth Down**—Circle the cream on generously, making firm, quick little circles up between your eyes—out over your eyebrows to your temples.



**Around your Eyes, on Eyelids**—dry "crow's-foot" corners; skin takes on a dark "crinkled" look.

**To "Uncrinkle"** Dry Lines—Finger-tip Pond's Dry Skin Cream very lightly around your eyes. Leave on lids all night.



**Along your Chin-Line**—you don't want that matronly-looking sagging to start.

**To Tone Up**—Use thumb and first finger and "pinch along" from point of chin to ear with rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

**Drying begins to show first in the places pictured here. See how best to help correct it!**

After 25 every woman ought to use her mirror with a more critical eye. From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft, smooth and pliant, starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own oil. But you can help offset this drying out

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## Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Have been captured by cannibals in Africa. Mandrake mystifies them with his hypnotic powers and makes the fat king and his wives appear

toothless when he says their cult is evil. Then he turns Narda, Lothar, and himself into vegetables and the three jump into a boat and head upstream. The natives watch angrily from the bank, but seem afraid to follow them. NOW READ ON:



"CANNIBALS, HEADHUNTERS, GORILLAS, TREE PEOPLE—WE'VE SEEN EVERYTHING," SHE ADDS. "WHATEVER IT IS, WE CANNOT CONTINUE ON THE RIVER. THERE'S A WATERFALL AHEAD," REPLIES MANDRAKE AS THEY GO ASHORE.



THEN, ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE AWAY, RESTING ON A PLATEAU, IS A SIGHT THAT MAKES THEM GASP. "WHAT IS IT?" WHISPERS NARDA.



A GRAND PIANO, FIFTY FEET HIGH. "REPLIES MANDRAKE. "MAYBE IT'S OWNED BY A GIANT!" SAYS NARDA.



"MAYBE THAT'S WHY THIS REGION IS TABOO TO THE NATIVES. THEY FEAR THE GIANT!" SHE ADDS. "WE'LL SOON FIND OUT," REPLIES MANDRAKE. "LISTEN!—THEY HEAR EERIE MUSIC—THEN SEE—"



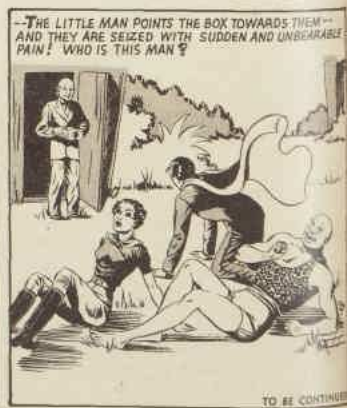
—AN ORCHESTRA OF MONKEYS—PLAYING STRANGE LITTLE INSTRUMENTS—PLAYING TOGETHER, IN TEMPO—A WEIRD LITTLE MELODY—



THEY APPROACH THE ORCHESTRA —THE MUSIC CONTINUES. "THEY SEEM TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING!" EXCLAIMS NARDA. "MANDRAKE, THIS IS THE MOST MYSTERIOUS PLACE. WHO TRAINED THEM? WHO—?"



THERE'S A DOOR IN THAT PIANO LEG. MAYBE I CAN FIND— MANDRAKE BEGINS, AS A LITTLE OLD MAN HOLDING A SMALL BOX, APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY. "WHO ARE YOU?" MANDRAKE ASKS. WHEN—



—THE LITTLE MAN POINTS THE BOX TOWARDS THEM— AND THEY ARE SEIZED WITH SUDDEN AND UNBEARABLE PAIN! WHO IS THIS MAN?

TO BE CONTINUED



FROM the ninth floor he attempted to poke Tagoo along with a pole while I screamed from the window and banged a plate with a spoon—subtly indicating food. Tagoo screamed loudly and fought the pole as the crowd swelled below. Then I saw her dear little hindquarters move dangerously over the rim, and I could stand no more.

When I came to, the doorbell was busily pealing. I stumbled to open it and in stepped Tagoo, followed by the man, the liftman, the handyman, the caretaker, the telephone operator, and a number of curious tenants. "I tightened a wire around her and handed her up," said the resident.

I indicated my gratitude with as much of a smile as I could muster. The service people, ignorant of my strained circumstances, lingered, and I crossed their palms with over all round. Finally the mob dispersed, and I sank weak-kneed on the sofa. It was after twelve o'clock. At one o'clock Tagoo began to per. And at three she kissed

## Out On A Limb

Continued from page 53

me. I returned to my flat and began to brood.

Oddly enough, my thoughts led to Doug and the light-hearted manner in which he had made me a catspaw. When he came home I would tell him I was only too glad to aid with Tagoo's rearing, but that he would have to share the responsibility. Having decided this, I devoted some time to primping. Perhaps Doug would take me out to dinner as a reward.

Evening came, but no invitation came with it. Beginning to work myself into quite a state, I marched across the hall.

"Tagoo certainly kept me busy to-day," I announced in a more caustic manner than I had intended.

"Uh . . . uh . . . uh," Doug reached blindly for the handkerchief in his breast pocket. "Awchoooo," he sneezed. He opened his streaming eyes and turned on me a look laden with sheer rage. "Take that dab cad out of here," he yelled, "the doctor just told me I'm allergic to cat fur."

"Allergic to cat fur!" I was stunned at this revelation of mortal weakness in the man I had so adored. "Forgive me," I said icily. "Next time I'll make it a Mexican hairless."

"Dodge bother," he choked. "Beredes is going to give me wud."

"I was only joking," I said with devastating sarcasm. "You don't even deserve a white rat." I retreated in good order, but the effect of my departure was somewhat marred by having to return several times for Tagoo's worldly goods.

Alone once more, I subjected myself to searching self-examination. I had done it again, but strangely I felt no regrets. The abusive words Doug had heaped on Tagoo's innocent head still rankled. He was not the man for me. . . . A sweet sadness pervaded me. Perhaps I was one of those destined for spinsterhood from birth. Well, at least I had Tagoo.

I was not greatly surprised when those meditations were interrupted by the arrival of my so-called friend Rick. Prentice and his infuriating grin.

"So you had a busy day," he said.

"How did you know?"

"Whispering campaign." As he encouraged himself in my armchair, Tagoo poked her head up through the lampshade and emitted a squeak of greeting. Her presence in the flat was not lost on him. "What

happened this time?" he inquired.

"Nothing much," I attempted casually. "It's just that Doug is allergic to cat fur."

"Ho. Ho." Rick doubled up with mirth. "And another dream man bit the dust."

My treacherous chin began to quiver. "If you've come to g-g-ghost."

"No. Not at all," he said quietly. "I don't intend to do anything of the kind."

With rare understanding he disappeared over the horizon only to reappear with my best pair of manicure scissors. He sat down before Tagoo's pot of grass. "Guess I'll mow the lawn," he said.

As I watched him at this homely domestic task an eerie sensation crept over me. I had experienced nothing like it before. My heart came out of its anaesthesia and started pounding away like a mad thing.

"Rick," I heard myself saying softly, "why do you wear blue? With your hair and skin I should think a golden brown . . ." I broke off, startled. A scarlet tide was sweeping over Rick's face. I have never seen anyone so red, not even on a beach at high noon.

I leaped from my chair and ran over to him. "What have I said?" I cried. "Did I hurt your feelings?"

"It's all right," mumbled Rick, hacking at the grass.

"But tell me what I said," I demanded, panic-stricken.

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His skin faded to a normal hue as he raised his head to look at me. "Do you realise that's the first time you've ever tried to organise me?"

"Oh, gosh," I moaned. "Forget it. I'm a new woman, I swear."

"I don't want you to be a new woman," Rick said tenderly. "I like you the way you are."

"You do? But you scorn me. All the things you did . . ."

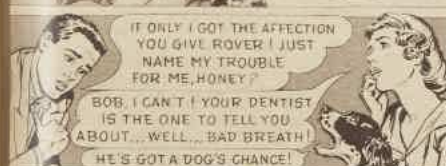
"Don't you know jealousy when you see it?" Suddenly he had me in his arms, and I felt myself soaring over the rooftops. "I was enraged," he

said. "Not because you butted in but because you always picked someone else as your victim. Could I persuade you to organise my life permanently?"

"I think it was always you," I whispered, feeling outrageously ecstatic. "Tagoo knew that from the beginning." An awful thought came to me. "You don't mind taking Tagoo, too?"

As he kissed me with fervor, the room went around in circles. "The die is cast!" he said.

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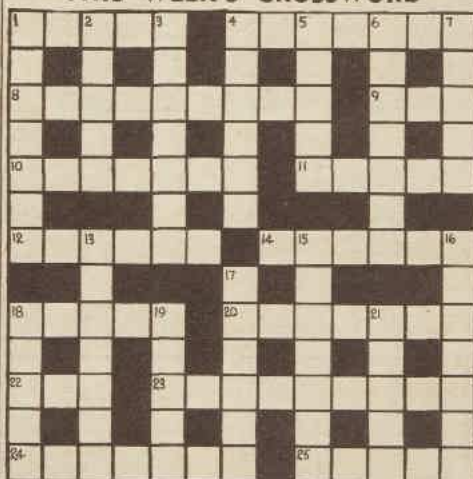
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✓ TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH  
✓ WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH  
✓ AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY BEST



Buy the Big Family Economy Size

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

### ACROSS

1. Command as a knotty point (5).
4. Tipping chin-cloth and Crosby (7).
8. No will in trial consumed (10).
9. Free on board for a business (3).
10. Commanded with rod and reed (11).
11. Lament with dreadful exterior (12).
12. Puzzle found in game (6).
14. Mo's pie (anagr. 6).
18. This worker in alone has a mother and a son (15).
20. Decayed but it looks like money is still owing for the car (5).
22. It may be your best friend, but how divine if you turn it (13).
23. Sign Two of an author (14, 5).
24. A dull killer in a read mat (7).
25. Look on nothing for a start to be disolute (5).

### DOWN

1. Objectionable Rene turned in (10).
2. Out-fashioned consumed in a prelate (15).
3. If the French twang strings of an instrument it becomes the rattle of his (7).
4. South African highland in the centre of the spirit (16).
5. Suffer extortion through the French in a garden plot (10).
6. No, fier hell according to Dante (7).
7. Clark at the end of the roof (5).
13. Sing and hit mixed in discernment (7).
15. Mail rat (anagr. 7).
16. Perfume of a city and this French (7).
17. Marker whose rare is his heart (10).
18. Woman who seems to proclaim that she is in heat (10).
19. No insane can be a wanderer (13).
21. Round Duneidin (5).

Solution to last week's crossword.

## LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL!

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# *For Everyone's Table*

